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POND LILIES.

BY CATHARINE FILER-WENTWORTH.

Oh ripple, languid waves! Oh ripple, waters!
Away forever toward the distant sea,
Whose heart of might well loves its inland daughters,
That flash along by wood and mount and lea.
Here idly rock I in my shallop light,
Beneath the wondrous glory of the day,
With face down-leant upon my palm alway,
And tears upon my lashes glistening bright.

The paddles lie unused, the wavelet grieves,
In mournful plashes 'gainst the shallop's side,
The melancholy breeze sighs through the leaves
Of bullrush growing in the margins wide.
Shine, noontide sun! Enameled fields, be fair!
Laugh, Nature! and young hearts, oh, be content!
I joy in your joy through my weariment,
And hope in your hope through my own despair.

Pluck me the lily—oh, the white pond lily!
Fragrant, ambrosial, as the bloom of gods!
Lo! how it blooms upon the waters stilly,
Rooted adeep within the river clods.
Lo! now a cloud athwart the sunshine hovers
Like hovering wing of angel who doth say,
"Poor heart, thy tenderness hath had its day;"

For other lovers? Yea, old vows grow cold.
Despite this peachen cheek, these silken tresses,
Fair look of youth, my heart is old, is old,
Is done with sweet, ecstatic happinesses—
O sky! O waters! bloom of mount and meadow!
Love e'en as Tantalus' fruit doth fly these lips!
And noon of joy is darkening to eclipse,
Nor e'er shall sweep from out th' eternal shadow!

O! pluck me lilies—lilies for my heart!
That one day I may rest in slumbers stilly,
With no remembrance-throb or fitful start
To shake the leaves upon it of the lily.
Waves, bear me gently, with idylic motion,
Past flowered sedges where the sunshine falls,
'Tween shining plains and woods and birdling calls,
To dreams, forsaken, on the moaning ocean!

Pluck me the lily—oh! the white pond lily!
Fragrant, ambrosial, as the bloom of gods!

Lo! how it blooms upon the waters stilly,
Rooted adeep within the river clods.—(See Poem.)

THROUGH FORBIDDEN PATHS.

By CLIO STANLEY.

Author of "Faithful Margaret," "Shadows of a Ghost," "And Then," Etc., Etc., Etc.

[This serial was commenced in No. 52, Vol. 54. Back numbers can be obtained from all newsdealers throughout the United States, or direct from this office.]

CHAPTER XVI.

PHYLLIS' MISTAKE.

There had been a mistake. Was it her's or Darley's? A mistake which had turned the world round and round on that sunny afternoon, until she found herself on one of the coldest, bleakest mountains of life—the mountain of Distrust.

At first she could not believe it. No; she would not believe it! Heaven forbid that her Darley should join hands with the enemy she hated.

She had been suspicious of her—jealous of her even—when her own father seemed to find such pleasure in her society; she hated her because she had made life bitter to her mother at the last; but it was also true that she had tried to put away such thoughts, and to be friendly with her, as her father had desired her to be.

But it was a failure. She would never forgive her now. She was setting herself another task—to win away from her the only heart in the world on whose truth she counted; and whether she succeeded or not, she would never forgive her.

She glanced at the open trunks into which Polly had laid the freshly-ironed ruffles, and sighed to think there was nothing else to do.

Closing them hastily she snapped down the lid, and turned away, listening, with an aching heart, to the light steps that went past her door and died away somewhere down the hall.

"I shall be glad when we are in France, and she is handed over to the care of her cousin. I don't think I could endure to live in the same house with her much longer."

Even as the words came from her trembling lips, Polly knocked at the door to say that her father wished to see her in the library.

She went down at once, hoping that Darley might have left some message with her father, which would remove some of her fears.

Gently she knocked at the door, which her father opened at once.

The library was a large, pleasant room, opening on a piazza that ran across the entire front of the house, but the windows were closed and the curtains drawn, so as to shut out the view of the lawn. Instead, Phyllis' eyes fell upon Felicie, sitting with folded hands in the easy chair which had been made especially for her mother's use, and which, since her death, had been left in the small, deserted sewing-room.

"How came that chair here!" she cried, sharply; for the pang of seeing Felicie in her mother's chair had been more than she could just then endure.

She had crossed the room swiftly and laid her hand on the back of the chair, but she was looking straight into her father's face.

"I brought it in," Felicie said, with one of her rare smiles. "This is the only pleasant room in the house, and this great, soft-cushioned chair is just the thing in which to dream away a dull hour; so I took it."

"You shall not have it!" Phyllis broke in, passionately, utterly forgetful of all prudence. "It is my mother's chair, and I cannot have any one else use it now that she is gone."

"Phyllis," said her father, sternly; "you forget to whom you are speaking, and your manner is not what it should be."

"Get up," Phyllis said, with flashing eyes. "Any other chair will do to dream in; it must, for you cannot have this one."

Felicie leaned back and laughed—a low, musical laugh which resounded from the far corners of the room; but she did not offer to move.

Phyllis leaned forward and pushed her, so that she was forced to resume an upright position.

"Phyllis, I am ashamed of you! Take your hand off the chair and listen to me. I *command* you!"

"Oh, papa," she sobbed, "how can you be so cruel! Is she to come even between us!"

"Dear me," Felicie said, getting up and moving toward the door, "I had no idea you were in such desperate earnest, Phyllis. It must be dreadful to be so nervous! But I am going to fasten my trunks, and I shan't trouble you again to-night."

And with the last word, she swept gracefully out of the room, and they heard her running up the stairs.

"Papa," Phyllis said, going up to him and taking his hand in her own, "you must forgive me if I have offended you, but I couldn't bear it. I don't like Felicie, and it would be folly for me to pretend to do so. Beside, I shouldn't like to see even my best friend in poor mamma's chair."

Mr. Hawthorne drew his hand away and there was a very black frown on his brow.

"I cannot pretend to control your likes or your dislikes, my daughter; and since you will not try to control them yourself, I fear you will often be made uncomfortable. But one thing you must understand; and it is, that Miss Montcontour is to be treated with perfect respect by you as well as by every one else in the house. You must promise me to remember this hereafter."

Phyllis opened her eyes wider than was her wont, and looked mute defiance.

"Of course I must be polite to her while we are forced to remain together," she said, at length, "but you must not expect anything more than that, papa. And I shall have the chair carried back, and take away the key to that room."

"Indeed you will do no such thing, Phyllis," her father replied, angrily. "The chair is to be left where it is."

"Then I shall not come in here again, papa."

"That will be as you please, my dear. I shall not force you to come."

"Oh, papa," sobbed Phyllis, tears breaking through her angry silence, "who is this Miss Montcontour, that she should have the power to turn you against your own child. She made my mother miserable, and she will leave no stone unturned to make me unhappy. I know it!"

But her father's face was white with passion.

"Phyllis," and he waited a moment to control his excited feelings, "you are my child—my only child—and very dear to me, but if you ever say such things again, you shall go out into the world and earn your own bread."

"Papa, you cannot mean it! Oh, you surely do not know what you are saying!"

"I do mean it, Phyllis. Do not try me again. Your mother was of an unhappy, fault-finding disposition, and no effort of mine could make her life a contented one. But she has left us, and we will not speak of it any more. Only, remember, Felicie is not to suffer because your mother chose to misunderstand her and set you against her!"

Phyllis shrank away from her father's side as if she had received a blow, and, sinking down in her mother's chair, she covered her face with her hands.

"I don't mean to be cruel, child, and I speak only for your good. You must learn to control your temper while you are young, or you will never have a happy household of your own. As for Felicie, she is a very noble woman, and will be your best friend, if you do not prevent her by your own ill-advised conduct. But we will let the matter rest now. I am sure, when you think it over, you will see that you have been in the wrong. I called you down to know if you really wish to take your maid with you. Polly is a faithful little thing, and does well enough here, but will it not be wiser to let her remain, and suit yourself when you are once abroad?"

"No one could suit me as Polly does," Phyllis said, lifting her pale face. "I wish to keep her, papa."

"Very well. You shall have your own way. But she must wait on you both until we reach Paris."

"She can easily do that," Phyllis answered.

And seeing that her father had nothing else to say, she left the room and went upstairs, where she sat down in the dark and cried as if her heart must break, for more than an hour.

CHAPTER XVII.

FELICIE'S PEACE IS DISTURBED.

Eight weeks have come and gone since that wretched afternoon when Phyllis had made one such serious mistake, and been the innocent victim of another.

In the two days that elapsed between that sorry time and their departure she had only seen her lover once, and before they had reached an explanation of affairs, which would have saved them both more than one heartache, Felicie came into the room in search of a veil which she couldn't possibly do without, and when it was found Mr. Hawthorne had come in to talk over the details of their journey, and leave some directions in regard to business, which Darley had promised to see were carried out.

And Phyllis was pale and tired, and vexed at the contrast of her face with the bright, glad face which she saw in the glass; more than vexed at the light tone which Felicie adopted while talking with Darley, and at the half-veiled allusions to a promise of friendship, of which she had, until then, known nothing.

She actually went up to bed before he went away; and met him the next morning with a cool nod of her head and a careless smile which held no loving meaning. But at the very last, when she was ready to start, and Felicie, with an unnecessary pressure of his hand, had already taken her seat in the carriage which was to convey them to the nearest station, Phyllis broke down, threw pride to the winds, and fell sobbing on her lover's breast.

"Oh, Darley, how can I leave you?" she whispered, as he held her for one blessed moment close to his breast.

"Hush, darling," he said, tenderly, unmindful of the beautiful eyes watching him—"hush, my own darling! I love you a thousand times more than ever before, and God will be good to us and bring you back to me before long!"

"And you'll write, Darley, long letters, and very often? Your letters are all that will comfort me."

"Never fear, pet. I will deluge you with letters, if that will make you happy. Now kiss me good-bye, darling, for your father is waiting."

And she had kissed him and left him; but here, far away in merry, noisy Paris, she sat and thought of his last words, and lived over again that precious, parting moment.

That was a joy of which nothing could deprive her—not even the recollection of the hundred and one provoking speeches which Felicie had made about her friend Mr. Gifford, and the eventful ride which Phyllis never knew had been intended for her own dear self.

She thought the invitation had been given in compliment to their visitor, and she had already scolded herself for being so absurdly jealous.

Felicie was sitting in a low chair beside the window, with a dainty little writing-table drawn up by her chair, and as she held in her slender fingers a jeweled pen, one might have supposed she was filling up her journal, writing a letter, or making verses.

But Felicie wasn't sentimental enough to be making verses; she had no friends with whom she deigned to correspond, and as to the journal——

Well, let us look over her shoulder.

"——Felicie Montcontour, are you pleased or disappointed so far? Is it comedy you are playing, or is there a future of sober reality before you? You have gained your lover, but is there no enemy at your heels to trip you up? What makes your heart beat when you look behind you, and what terrible shadow assails you in the night-time? Can a dead hand blot out one of the golden stars from your sky, or is it a living one you fear?"

Just so far the lines ran smoothly, but as Phyllis laid down her book with a sigh, and looked across at her, she turned a leaf quickly, and left only a blur of crooked letters on the fair, golden-edged leaf.

"How you frighten one with your dolorous sighs, child. You make me nervous half the time."

"It was my book that made me sigh, I think. It is a pleasant book, too—the quiet story of a life well spent, and growing golden at its setting, but yet it makes me sad. I wonder if you and I will live to be old women, Felicie?"

"And if we do it won't be our fault! I shall hate to be wrinkled and sallow. I'd rather die!"

"I don't think you'll be wrinkled and sallow," Phyllis replied. "You will be a plump, jolly little grandmother, with merry-faced grandchildren at your knees. There will be one with light hair and blue eyes who will come when you call "Gustave," and another with black eyes who will be named "Felicie," and——"

"Do hush!" cried Felicie, shutting her journal into the rosewood writing desk and locking it. "Never say such things to me, for I hate it!"

Phyllis had tried more than once to talk pleasantly with Felicie, if only for the sake of pleasing her father, and because, as she thought, Miss Moncontour would soon be leaving them, and it is always as well to have last words conciliatory.

But each effort had been a failure; and this was quite as delicate as any.

"I don't see why you will harp constantly on a name that is odious to me. I believe you do it purposely to exasperate me."

"I do no such thing," said Phyllis, indignantly. "And if you had never put the idea into my head, I shouldn't have supposed Mr. Feder was your lover."

"You are a wicked girl, and I dare say would be glad to see me turned out of the house; but two can play at that game, and if it comes to open quarrel, look out for yourself, my dear."

And with a mocking courtesy, she swept out of the room, leaving Phyllis mute with astonishment.

But Phyllis was not the only one destined to be astonished that day.

The afternoon was nearly gone when Felicie happened to think of something she wanted—a bit of silk or worsted for her fancy work; and slipping on her cloak and throwing a knit scarf over her head, she ran out into the rapidly darkening street, meaning to be back within the half hour.

But things are not always disposed as we propose, and she had not gone many steps when she felt a light touch on her arm, and heard a well-known voice in her ear.

She turned her white and startled face, and the light from a shop window shone full upon it.

"Felicie, my angel, have I the good luck? Do I find you at last?"

"At last, Gustave!" she exclaimed, biting her lip until the blood crept again to her white cheek. "One would think I had been lost, instead of being quietly domiciled in a good hotel, waiting for you!"

"Waiting for me, petite! And I thinking you had run away from your own Gustave!"

Felicie laughed and laid her hand lightly on his arm.

"Didn't you get the letter I sent you before I left?"

"Not a line did I get, my angel; and I have followed in your track day and night to know wherefore it is that you so soon forget your Gustave?"

"I have not forgotten you, Gustave—far from it. But I am not yet ready for you to come."

"Gar!" he began angrily, twisting his long brown moustache. "You shall be ready for me any time *I* choose, Felicie!"

"Listen to reason, Gustave. If you did not get my letter, you cannot know how important it is for us to wait a little while."

"What you call a little while? One—two—three weeks."

"Six months," she said, gravely. "Not a day less, Gustave."

"What do you say! Six months may be a little while in your eyes, my dear; but it is six ages to me! No, no! I wait not so long as that, my Felicie."

"But you *must!*" she answered, looking up into his face with her own irresistible smile. "I will be married from my guardian's house, or not at all; and Mr. Hawthorne will not go back until next summer."

"Do you stay with him then, for the little while?" he asked, while an angry scowl darkened his face.

"He wishes me to stay with Phyllis, wherever she is; but I suppose he will stay with his daughter, part of the time at least. Men can never be depended on, though!" she added, with a shrug of her graceful shoulders. "And beside, Gustave——"

"Am I not all ears, my dear? *Beside*, what?"

"I mean that Papa Hawthorne shall give me a handsome outfit, when my wedding day comes, in return for all I am doing for his daughter. It may be a trifle more than that! You know you are poor, Gustave, and I havn't a penny in the world; and it wouldn't be wise to offend the only person who is likely to do anything for me."

"Gar! but you speak wisdom, little one. But I must see you sometimes."

"Are you crazy, Gustave? Do you think Mr. Hawthorne will be apt to make a welcome visitor of the man who has murdered his wife?"

"Gar! but I could tell you one fine joke, my dear. But you are right, very right! And I keep my little joke for our wedding day."

They walked on in silence, until Felicie happened to think that she would be missed, and that perhaps Guy himself would come in search of her.

She stopped in the shadow of an empty house, and looked up pleadingly.

"Indeed, I must go back now, Gustave, or—or that foolish little Phyllis will be alarmed. You shall stay here in Paris, at the old place, until I send for you. Then, you must come with the speed of the wind," she finished, saucily.

"Never fear. I will not come next time a week too soon; but I will come, and on the day when I will, Felicie shall be my lovely bride!"

He took her hand and put it to his lips, with an audacious glance that made his companion turn cold all at once.

"The little hand it is, this time," he said, with a meaning smile. "When your Gustave comes next, his kisses will lie upon your red lips and grow warmer against your heart, petite."

"Hush! you frighten me!" she cried, trying to pull her hand from his grasp.

"Go, then!" he replied, tossing her hand away as if he cared nothing for its possession. "But be careful, my dear. My eyes reach far, and I will have no treachery!"

The last word had hardly left his lips, when she darted from his side and was lost to sight in the busy crowd.

But not so soon could she escape from the terror of her own thoughts.

They came back, again and again, like phantoms, to haunt her path. His words rang in her ears day and night; and often in her dreams she saw the ghost-like form of Bertha Hawthorne standing near Gustave and beckoning her to listen. Those solemn words—"the way of transgressors is hard"—came often to her mind, and it was only by force of will that she could cast them out.

Guy Hawthorne knew that something had happened, and he strove with words of tenderness and renewed vows of love to win her back to her old careless happiness; but even his words seemed to have lost their power.

One night, two weeks later, he had sent Phyllis out to see a friend, and was sitting alone with Felicie, her hand in his, her head on his shoulder; and vexed at a grief which he could not cure, he asked:

"Am I powerless, then, Felicie? Can I, with all my love, do nothing to make you happy?"

And her answer, whispered in his ear, was:

"Yes, Guy. You can make me your wife to-morrow!"

CHAPTER XVIII.

A FRIENDSHIP, STRANGE BUT SWEET.

As many weeks and more, as had passed since the Hawthorne mansion had been closed, had also gone by since Judith Nickerson's sister, Eudora Montcontour, had perfectly regained her wandering senses, and had been allowed to come down stairs—to roam unwatched through the queer old rooms of the lonely house in the Hatterline Hills, and to stray out into the fresh air and bright winter sunlight that fell in silent beauty on the frozen ground, and brightened the bare branches of the trees, that sentinel-like lifted their tall forms by the door.

The old light was coming back to her eyes, the old color to her cheek, and health was filling her veins again with ruddy blood.

Yet still at times there was a shadow on her face, her step grew slow, and she would shut herself up for hours at a time even from her sister.

It was at such a time as this, when she could no longer bear to see the face she loved so clouded, that Judith Nickerson determined to allow Eudora to visit her prisoner, the woman who had risen from the dead, and who was to be kept hidden from every creature but herself.

Perhaps pity for her prisoner partly moved her to this—for Judith Nickerson had a tender heart, and hated to see any one suffer.

So she told her sister of all the strange incidents of that strange night, and exacted from her the promise that if she allowed her to see and talk with her prisoner, she would take no advantage of it, but on the contrary would guard against her escape.

"If I could know I am doing wrong by keeping the poor woman here, I would let her go; but she is no more fit to take care of herself than a baby, and this is the best place for her. Is it not so, Eudora?"

"She could have no kinder keepers than Gault and yourself," returned Eudora; for Judith had long ago told her sister that she was married, and Gault and she were already firm friends.

And Judith had taken Eudora upstairs to the large, dreary room where Bertha Hawthorne was confined, unlocked the door, and left them together.

There was a birdcage hanging in one of the barred windows, and a tiny pot of scarlet geraniums on a stand in the other window, but there was no carpet on the floor except a bright rug in front of the bed, and no curtains at the windows, and the room seemed very bare. On her knees in front of the little stand, with her face close to the bright scarlet flowers, was Bertha Hawthorne, looking at them wistfully, and with a vague longing which woke a sudden throb of pity in Eudora's heart.

She was thinking "How is it that

sorrow and disappointment come to so many hearts?" when the stranger looked up, a startled look on her pale face. She seemed to wonder at Eudora's grave aspect, for Judith was always full of an assumed gayety, thinking in that way the better to win the confidence of her prisoner.

She rose from the kneeling attitude in which her visitors had surprised her, and asked abruptly:

"Who are you?" while her large sad eyes shone with a look of distrust.

"I am Judith's sister; you are her visitor, are you not?" said Eudora, quickly.

"I do not know Judith, but there is a woman comes in here to laugh at my misfortunes," was the reply.

Eudora could not help being a little displeased at such an assertion in regard to her own kind-hearted Judith.

"Why do you say such things?" she asked, hastily. "Do you not know she is the kindest, dearest sister in the world?"

"I know nothing about her, I tell you," was the petulant reply. "I only know she is not sorry for me. Are you sorry?"

"Yes, I am truly sorry. It seems so sad to me to see any one a prisoner against her will. I was a prisoner once, but I had no kind face near me—only eyes that spoke cruelly!"

And Eudora Montcontour turned to the window and tapped with her slender fingers against the wires of the bird's cage.

She still stood there, looking in a sorrowful fashion at the fluttering wings and bright, restless eyes, when she felt a gentle touch on her arm.

Looking round, to her surprise, she saw the woman she had come to see, standing beside her and holding out to her both her thin, white hands, while the great round tears rolled slowly down her cheeks.

"Tell me why you come to see me?" she asked.

"I came because I was tired and wanted some one to talk to," was the reply, made with a nervous blush and a slight, disconcerted laugh. "But I will stay because I am sorry for you, and would help you if I could. Will you let me stay here all day with you?"

"Are you in earnest? Do you mean it?"

"Of course I am in earnest. And I never say anything I do not mean."

"Then you shall stay," was the satisfied reply. "And you shall show me the way to get away from here."

"Ah, but I cannot do that," said Eudora, thoughtlessly.

But she was not prepared for the look of sudden angry distrust, which broke over companion's face; nor for the quick push which sent her almost to the door.

"You are not my friend, after all! Go away. I never want to see your face again. I will stay alone."

The angry blood flew to Eudora's face, and she unclosed the door, locked it behind her and walked rapidly away down stairs.

Judith met her in the hall and drew her gently into the kitchen, where a cheerful fire burned on the hearth, and the table was drawn into the middle of the room, covered with the appetizing dishes which Judith knew so well how to prepare.

"It does us good to see you again, doesn't it, Gault? I was afraid you had deserted us and intended staying with that poor creature all day."

"I would have stayed if she would have allowed it," said Eudora, trying to smile; "but she pushed me out. Poor thing! I'm sorry for her, Judith. Don't you know any of her friends who can come and take her away?"

Judith stared at her as if wondering if she had understood her aright.

"Didn't Judy tell you that if we let the woman go we should lose the money promised?"

"You are paid then to keep her?" she asked, inquiringly.

"Yes," said Judith, blushing uncomfortably.

"Of course we're paid, Dora! Do you think we can afford to do things for nothing. We've been saving these dozen years so as to——"

"Gault!" began Judith, in a troubled voice, holding up a warning finger.

"Why, haven't you told her yet?" he blurted out.

"So as to what?" asked Eudora, casting troubled glances from one to the other.

Judith Nickerson leaned her head on her hand, and the blood rushed over her face.

"Do you know," said Eudora, slowly, "that I begin to be afraid that you are hiding real troubles from me, dear, and only feigning to be happy. Has my sickness cost you much, Judith, and are you doing these things to earn money to pay for it?"

Still Judith did not speak.

"Do you tell me, brother Gault!" she cried, with a peremptory motion of the hand. "For I must know the whole truth at once."

"Shall I tell her, Judy?" asked Gault Nickerson, turning his rugged but kindly face toward his wife; his dear wife, who so many years had borne poverty for her sister's sake, but who was not brave enough to tell her of it.

"Yes, if she will hear it!" she answered, softly, without looking at either of them.

"Of course I will hear it," was the reply. "Don't put on such doleful faces, but tell me at once."

"Listen then, Dora, to the truth; and don't you go to getting nervous while I'm telling it, or I shall stop short off and you'll never hear the end on't."

"Don't you be afraid, Gault Nickerson," and she tossed back her head and waited for Gault to begin.

"Do you remember, Dora," he began, "that wild night in autumn, when you came shivering and trembling to Judy's door, begging for shelter, and telling that pitiful story of your imprisonment in a mad house in France, and of how you had at last managed to escape?"

"Yes; I remember all that, surely."

"And you know after you told all the cruel story, and Judy here had warmed and fed you, and comforted you, too, in her own rare way, you fell down in a dead faint on the floor, and Judy called me in to help carry you upstairs, where she laid you away in her own nice bed, and took care of you?"

"Yes," she said, again, a little more doubtfully. "I remember that, too, I suppose I must have been very sick, and made a world of trouble, but I don't seem to remember everything just here. You know I never knew when you brought me here, or that you and Judy were married. I suppose I must have been wandering in my mind for a little while, thinking of all my troubles?" she continued, looking wistfully into his honest face.

"You're right there, Dora; only it was a long time instead of a little time. How long do you suppose Judy and me have been waiting to see the light of reason come back to your sweet eyes?"

"More weeks than there are days in the week," she replied, sadly. "For it's winter now."

"Just twelve years and eight weeks!" he said, a little quaver in his voice. "Judy will tell you if I'm wrong in my calculation."

"Twelve years!" she screamed, rising from the table, and letting her goblet fall with a crash to the ground. "Twelve years, Judy, dear, dear Judy! That's why your hair and mine is beginning to turn gray, then! And I thought it was only the trouble had done it!"

And running round the table and throwing her arms round her sister's neck she cried and sobbed like a heart-sick child.

"There, there!" said Gault Nickerson, brushing his sleeve across his eyes, "don't take on so, Dora! Crying won't never mend it."

"Oh, Gault!" And sitting down in the nearest chair, she burst into hysterical laughter.

"Now, stop; you mustn't laugh like that neither. That's worse than cryin', and you will set Judy to cryin' if you keep on."

Eudora straightened herself up and wiped her eyes.

"I see the fear in your eyes, dear old Judy; but I'm not losing my senses again. Thank the good Father for giving them back to me!"

"That's sensible! That's the right way to talk," said Gault, making a great show of finishing his dinner; for not one of them had done more than taste the food which Judith had prepared.

"And you brought me away here to hide me, and have taken care of me all these years?" Eudora asked, when the table was cleared, and Judith had carried up a tray of good things to the poor prisoner above stairs.

"I may as well finish the story, as I've begun it," said Gault, good-naturedly, filling his pipe, and drawing his chair to the chimney corner. "Yes, we brought you here; and Judy, dear little woman, married the homely old man, fifteen good years older than herself, so as to have some one to help take care of you. I loved her well enough to have lived in a cave, and on water and a crust, to call her wife, and have the blessed right to work for her; and I think she loves me a little now! So you see, I've had my reward."

"You dear, good Gault!" murmured Eudora, under her breath.

But Judith Nickerson came behind her husband's chair, and stooping down, laid her wet cheek against his, and whispered something in his ear which nobody else would ever hear.

"I know it, little woman," he said, with an air of perfect comfort and satisfaction, putting up his rough hand to pat her round cheek. "And I'm paid a thousand times over."

"But that poor woman upstairs," Eudora said, after a long pause. "Why are you paid to keep her here, and who gives you the money?"

"Well, you see," said Gault, hitching his chair a little nearer the fire, and putting one foot upon the opposite knee; "you see, some folks have thought that because we lived in this out of the way place, up among these gloomy hills, that we were ready to do out of the way things to earn money, too. There's been such folks here, once upon a time, and that's the reason all the windows are barred, and the doors double locked and bolted. And as we could make ten times the money by doing out of the way things as we could making sawing wood or making shirts, why we've done it; that is, as long as nobody asked us to do anything up and down wicked!"

"And the money? What did that go for? You and Judith are not dressed over fine; neither is your house furnished with more than ordinary splendor."

But Gault smoked his pipe and looked solemnly at the blazing fire.

"The money, dear Dora!" began Judith, in a loving, tender voice, "we have been laying up for the day when you should be well again, and want to go back to France to find your lost child."

"And now," said Gault, suddenly, "you know as much as we do, and when you're ready to start, why we're ready, too!"

And laying his pipe carefully on the shelf, he pulled on his well-worn overcoat, and went out.

"How did you know, dear Judy, that I would ever be well again?" her sister asked, as the door closed upon Gault.

"I prayed for it," said Judith, softly, "I never forgot, dear Dora, what our mother used to teach us, that if we prayed and had faith, He would answer our prayers; and you see He has answered mine."

They were silent a long time then, each thinking over the blessings that had fallen into their separate lives; when suddenly, Eudora rose and laying her two hands on her sister's shoulders, said solemnly:

"You have done nobly, dear Judith, and are rewarded in having the love and devotion of an honest heart. For me, I've had numberless blessings showered upon me, and until now I have not been able to do good to anyone. Now, from this time until we go, I shall devote myself to that poor lonely woman upstairs, and see if I cannot, by prayer and patience, win back her wandering thoughts to their right channel. If God will only let me atone to this poor, friendless creature, for somebody else's wrong-doing, I shall be more than satisfied. I shall be happy again!"

And from that day, the strange friendship began; cemented by many a kindly act, and many a self-denial on Eudora's part, and by grateful looks, and words of love on the part of Bertha Hawthorne; a strange friendship indeed, inasmuch as they did not know even one another's name.

To her new friend, Eudora was simply "Judith's sister;" while to Eudora, her friend was unknown by any title save Estelle; which name she seemed at times to reject, but to which she always answered if it was spoken in Eudora's pleasant voice.

Judith had never again said to her sister that her prisoner's name was Montcontour, since she knew that it had been her husband's name; and Dora herself, seemed to have forgotten it.

Perhaps, as Judith and Gault sometimes imagined, on that first night of her awakening after her long night of mental darkness, she might have been only half-conscious of what was transpiring; and since then Bertha Hawthorne had never mentioned the hated name.

But day by day, she grew more attached to her new friend; she would follow her with her great sad eyes whenever she left the room, and sometimes would beg her to take her down stairs.

Eudora had a clear, sweet voice, which had been well trained, before her unhappy marriage; and she spent hours every day singing the old songs which she loved, until her friend would catch the familiar air, and would sometimes join her with a timid, trembling voice, only to sob and weep after it and call mournfully for "Phyllis."

It was the only one of all the old names which she kept in her memory; but when Eudora came to believe that it was really the name of some one she had loved in the old days before she was shut up in these four walls, she grew more hopeful, and even infected Judith with her happy anticipations.

After many weeks, as her prisoner seemed more resigned to her captivity, and always gentle in her ways, Judith consented to let her accompany Eudora in her daily walks near the house; for which small concession she was well rewarded in seeing the bright color creep slowly back into the pale, sad face.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE SMUGGLED LACE.

A gentleman holding a high official position in the courts of law in Paris, during the long vacation, went, in company with his wife, on a tour of pleasure in Belgium. After having traveled through this interesting country, they were returning home by the railway, the husband with his mind quite at rest, like a man blessed with an untroubled conscience, while the lady felt that uncomfortable sensation which arises from the recollection of some imprudence, or a dread of some approaching danger. When they were near the frontier, the lady could no longer restrain her uneasiness. Leaning towards her husband, she whispered to him, "I have lace in my portmanteau—take it and conceal it, that it may not be seized."

"What! as a smuggler?" exclaimed the husband, with a voice between astonishment and affright.

"It is beautiful Malines lace, and has cost a great deal," replied the lady. "We are near the custom house; hasten and conceal it!"

"It is impossible; I cannot do it!" replied the gentleman.

"On the contrary, it is very easy," was the reply. "The lace would fit in the bottom of your hat."

"But do you recollect," rejoined the gentleman, "the position I occupy?"

"But recollect," said the wife, "that there is not an instant to be lost, and this lace has cost me 1,500 francs ($300)."

During the conversation, the train rapidly approached the dreaded station. Imagine the consternation of the worthy magistrate, who had always been in the habit of considering things with calm and slow deliberation, thus unexpectedly placed in a position so embarrassing and so critical. Overcome and perplexed by his difficulties, and losing all presence of mind, he allowed his wife to put the lace in his hat, and, having placed it on his head, he forced it down almost to his ears, and then resigned himself to his fate.

At this station the travelers were invited to come out of the carriage, and to walk into the room where the custom house agents were assembled. The gentleman concealed his uneasiness as best he could, and handed his passport with an air of assumed indifference.

When his position of a judge became known, the officials of the custom house immediately hastened to tender their respects, and declared they considered it quite unnecessary to examine the luggage labeled with the name of one who occupied such a high and important situation in the State.

Never had the magistrate more sincerely valued the respect attached to his position; and if a secret remorse for a moment disturbed his mind, at least he breathed more freely when he recollected the danger was passed, and that the violation of the revenue laws he had committed would escape discovery.

With this comforting assurance, and while a severe examination was passing on the property of other passengers, the head of the custom house and the commander of the local gendarmerie, having heard of the arrival of so distinguished a person, came to offer their respects. Nothing could be more gracious than their manner. To their profound salutation the judge responded by immediately raising his hat with the utmost politeness. Could he do less? But, alas, in his polite obeisance, so rapid and involuntary, he had forgotten the contents of his hat. He had scarcely raised it from his head when a cloud of lace rushed out, covering him from head to foot, as with a large marriage veil.

What language can describe the confusion of the detected smuggler, the despair of the wife, the amusement of the spectators, or the astonishment of the custom house officers, at this scene? The offence was too public to be overlooked.

With many expressions of regret on the part of the authorities, the magistrate was detained till the matter was investigated. After a short delay he was allowed to resume his journey to Paris, and we can easily believe that the adventure formed a subject for much gossip and amusement in that gay capital.

POWER OF BEARING HEAT.

It is generally supposed that the human frame cannot endure great heat, and if exposed to it will soon sink in exhaustion. This is true in hot climates, to which people have not been accustomed. But in this case the effect may be due to influences from vegetation, or to some disturbances of nature.

It is certain that artificial heat, far greater than the heat of the sun in the torrid zone, may be borne without special suffering or harm. The "British *Journal of Science*" says that men in iron establishments work without inconvenience with the thermometer constantly at 120 degrees, and in pits for making the Bessemer steel at 140 degrees. In Turkish baths the shampooers are often busily engaged for four or five hours in succession, with the temperature at 113 degrees. In the Red Sea steamers the stoke-hole marks 145 degrees; and in enamel works the operators are compelled daily to endure a heat of 300 degrees. The elastic power of the human body in accommodating itself to extremes is wonderful.

A WELL KNOWN author says that nothing baffles curiosity, eludes pursuit, and generally mystifies the human intelligence, like the plain, simple and unvarnished truth.

FACETIÆ.

MINT'S MEAT—Lamb.

GONE TO GRASS—Cows.

A RUN OF LUCK—Winning a race.

NOT-A-MISS—A rich and lovely widow.

TRANCE-ACTION — Walking in one's sleep.

THE ventilation of an idea never gives anybody a cold.

WHY is summer like the letter "g?" Because it comes at the end of spring.

WHY should you be justified in picking the pockets of a vendor of engravings? Because he has *pictures!*

THIS is Josh Billings' epitaph on a friend: Here lies John Ferguson, Esq., died worth half a million less the Kingdom of Heaven.

A RUSSIAN proverb says: "Before going to war, pray once; before going to sea, pray twice; before getting married, pray three times."

"YOU WANT a flogging, that's what you do," said a parent to his unruly son. "I know it, dad; but I'll try to get on without it," was the reply.

IT was Sydney Smith who retorted upon some one who had called him an every-day man. "Well, if I am an every-day man you are a weak one."

WHICH, asks an agricultural wag, is the queen of roses in the garden? and answers, the rose of the watering pot, for it rains over all the others.

GOING on a spree is like starting a newspaper—you can open it up on a small capital, but it takes a pile to keep it going until you get it on a paying basis.

"SIR," said an old judge to a young lawyer, "you would do well to pluck some of the feathers from the wings of your imagination and stick them in the tail of your judgment."

THE little Hartford girl who gave utterance to the following idea was puzzling her mind with a problem that has bothered the world for ages. She was reproved for some childish act, and seating herself on the floor at her mother's feet, reflected for a long time, and then looking up said: "Ma, why is it that naughty things are so nice?"

A YOUNG man from Texas stood on the levee at Vicksburg, Mississippi. He was about to take a chew of tobacco, when he noticed a little group of men near him. "Gentlemen," he said, "I want a chew." As they turned and looked at him he continued: "My pouch is in my hip-pocket, and I mention the fact lest you should think I was about to draw my revolver." Then he helped himself without dodging a shower of balls, as might have been necessary had he not explained.

OUR OWN SPHINX.

[Communications intended for publication in this department, should be addressed to care of Editor SATURDAY EVENING POST, Philada.]

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

"Were I so tall to reach the pole,
Or grasp the ocean with my span,
I must be measured by my soul—
The mind's the standard of the man."

The initials and finals of the following, read downwards, will give the name of the author of the above lines:—1. A meeting; 2. A brand; 3. A bird; 4. A girdle worn by Jewish priests; 5. An English poet. GEO. J. BELL.

TRIANGULAR REBUS.

A letter of the alphabet; an exclamation; by way of, without end; part of the compass; short poems.

The initials name a kind of underground dwellings, the finals a king's name, and the base that for which many poets are justly famed.

CROSS PUZZLE.

Part of the verb "to be." A measure of weight. A port in Finland. A division of water. Stage performances. A Scotch poet. A prerogative. To move quickly. A vessel. A unit. To employ.

The centrals will give the name of a celebrated Scotch poet. M. COLE.

DIAMOND PUZZLE.

A letter of the alphabet; to instigate; a river of Spain; an anodyne; cathedral responses; a species of riddle; a goddess of mythology; to permit; and a personal pronoun; read round in order, from right to left, give three ladies' names, whose initials, also read round in order, are both a measure of liquors and a palindrome. The four points of the diamond also name a quarter of the globe.

ANNIE T. GILBERT.

CENTRE DELETIONS.

1.

From the end of a house the centre delete,
And a storm at the sea you will have complete.

2.

An ordinal number of centre delete,
And a closed hand you will find complete. P. M. M.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.

Required, to know how often a gamester may hold a different hand of five cards each. W. B. WOOD.

METAGRAM.

This is a ship to take a trip;
But quickly change its head,
And then, I ween, there will be seen,
A well-known bird instead.
Change head again, and then a name
For man will soon be found;
One more, I wis, and then in this
You'll find a pleasure ground.

TOM BRADLEY.

[Answers to the above will be given in No. 6, Vol. 55.]

Answers to "Our Own Sphinx." No. 1, Vol. 55.

REBUS.—Unite, Untie.

PUZZLES.—1. Bacon, Noah. 2. Ague, Plague.

ENIGMA.—The letter T.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—Apricot, Blossom.

DIAMOND PUZZLE.—

L
WIN
SEVER
FRIENDS
LIVERPOOL
PROPOSE
DROOP
COW
L

WHITE VIOLETS.

BY SHIRLEY WYNNE.

The room is whitely draped and chill,
The windows opened wide;
The rain is dripping, drop by drop,
On fretful leaves outside.
Fall, fall, O fall, ye tears of heaven,
On all the world outside.

The air is heavy with perfume,
A deathly odor, sweet
As that of early flow'rets crushed
By Death's unheeding feet.
Fall, fall, O fall, ye tears of heaven,
Ye, too, are sad and sweet.

There lie the flowerets, dewy fresh,
From the icy breast
Of the pale corpse of one who mourned,
But who is now at rest.
Fall, fall, O fall, ye tears of heaven!
But she hath entered rest.

There lie the violets, breathing out
Their sweet lives on you bed—
There lie together, white and mute,
The living and the dead.
Fall, fall, O fall, ye tears of heaven,
For living and for dead!

Young features, sternly set in death,
Close lips that keep their smile;
I gaze upon them, and I hear
The rain's sob all the while
Fall, fall, O fall, ye tears of heaven!
'Tis only she can smile.

O fair, cold face, O fair, cold smile,
Reflected light of death!
Still round thee, like this scent of flowers,
Thy beauty lingereth.
Fall, fall, O fall, ye tears of heaven,
For life, and love, and death!

A GIFT FROM HEAVEN!

BY PIERCE EGAN,

Author of "The Flower of the Flock," "Violet; or, the Wonder of Kingswood Chase," "Her First Love," Etc., Etc., Etc.,

[This serial was commenced in No. 40, Vol. 55. Back numbers can be obtained from all newsdealers throughout the United States, or direct from this office.]

CHAPTER XXIX.

GIFTIE'S LETTER AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

It was certainly a fortunate thing for Floye that the boy Leo presented himself so immediately after the departure of Harcourt from her presence, and with such fresh food for excitement. She had found it almost beyond her powers of endurance to sustain that interview with her husband without giving way to a violent burst of anguish, or swooning outright. Yet she had gone through it with something approaching self-command. When, however, he had departed—was expelled, in fact, with great indignity from her presence—then memories kept back, associations of the time when he was all in all to her, and she thought herself a world to him, recollections of the ties which had, it seemed, drawn them yet closer together, but which he had so ruthlessly sundered, came welling up into her brain, and would have for the time utterly prostrated her but for the new call upon her powers.

The boy's face came upon her with the startling thrill which an unexpected flash of lightning might have communicated, for she recognized its marvellous resemblance to the face at the opera, and this was followed by a communication which at once afforded hope that the lost clue to her child was recovered, and that it would lead them to the place where she was secreted, as well as enable them to obtain possession of her before Harcourt could put into execution the cold blooded threat he had made in reference to her custody.

Few letters are received without creating some emotion. A letter from an acquaintance or a friend always excites a feeling of interest before the envelope is invaded, and an epistle from one near and dear, especially if from afar, sets up instant flutterings, conjectures, and eager surmises ere the seal is broken. The excitement, therefore, of Floye when a note from her child was placed in her hands under such peculiar circumstances, may be easily imagined.

It was written in a straggling, trembling, yet educated hand, and was as follows:

"DEAR TINY. — What a maggoty name! I wouldn't be called that—though you are not so big as Col by a deal; but if you are to be my brother you will have to change it, for I don't like it. You might as well be called Mouse—fancy having a brother called Mouse! You must make haste and grow bigger if you want me to love you like a brother—like I do Col. Ah, if you only knew how good he was to me! Don't I now? Oh, dear, I am so glad you told me to write to you, because I am what Col used to say when he was in trouble, and did not know what to do—I am up a tree. Of course, I mean I am in a house; but I want to get out of it, and don't know how. Oh, I think I have played fool. You told me not to trust your mam Lavender, and not to believe a word she said. But she offered to take me to my mother—my own true, right, lawful, dear mother, who was weeping and praying for me to come to her—that was what she said, and you must know, Ti—no, I hate that name, I'd as soon call you Pip—and you wouldn't stand that, would you?

"Well, you know how I longed to see my mother—to love her if I could—to hate her if she turned out—just what she has? Yes, Tiny—what a beastly name, I will not call you by it any more!—but brother—that's nicer. I used to call Col brother—poor Col! Yes, worse luck, she did take me to my mother, and she is my mother, because when I called her mother she grinned at me, and would have kissed me if I had let her; but I could not—I could sooner be kissed and pawed by a wild cat. But she must be my mother, because he who brought me from Pendragon to London told me he was my father, and she is his wife, so it has upset me very much to think she is. I am also sorry to tell you she is your mother, too. I would swear that. She has your eyes, your nose, your very lips; but I don't think she has got what I am sure you have, that is a heart. One thing is strange, though—she is a fine lady, with such beautiful finery, and is scented like a flower garden in July, and you are only a vulgar boy, and smell like a stable; but then I am only a vulgar girl, wicked and wilful, and up to all sorts of mad tricks; so she may be our mother after all.

"But I do not think I should be so like a pixie if people would not be so hard and cruel to me. It is strange she should be so grand, and yet our mother. She called me uncouth, and turned up her nose and lips at me. How I do hate her; so will you, for you cannot help it. There is no kindness in her eyes, only malice and spite—none in her ways, nor in her words. She bundled me off to this place very soon after she had got me back again, and she had not, of course, seen me since I was a baby; that was a mother's love, wasn't it? She said this was a school. Oh, that was a precious wicked—story—you know what I mean. It is a dreadful place to be in. There is a lot of grown-up women and girls here, and they go on so funny—that is, if it did not make me shiver and feel like crying for them—they stare awfully, and sometimes shriek and howl, and rave, and go on pretty.

"I've had a bad time since I came, if it is a school. They had a fight to get me in, but they got the best of me, and then they shoved me into a hot bath, which scalded me dreadfully, before I guessed what they were up to. Then they wanted to cut my hair off. Aha! you never saw me fight when I meant fighting. I did have a turn. I scratched, I bit, I kicked, I screamed and twisted and twined about like a bag or eels, so they let me off cutting off my hair. But they put me in a brick cellar with iron bars for windows, and I had to sleep on the ground with only a ragged old blanket to cover me. It was very cold and miserable.

"In the morning an old woman came to me—she is called Nurse Scrogga. She brought a cane with her, and said she would teach me how to behave myself, and to do what I was told, and then she began to swish and cut at me like a tigress. I had not much chance against her; but before I was quite done for I went in for the cane, and I got it. I let her have it back, for my blood was boiling, and I was mad, I think. She had hold of my hair, and I thought she would have pulled my head off; but I made her cry murder. Then two or three came to help her—they did with sticks, too, I think; but I do not remember any more, for it seemed as if I dropped down dead. I have been in bed ever since, I was so cut and flogged. Nobody, I think, would have heard any more of me if it had not been for the girl who brings my bread and water. She is only a few years older than me, but she is very kind to me. When she was rubbing some oil into the bruises and marks all over me, she cried as if her heart would break; she said it was a shame, and if I would write a letter to a friend she would put it into the post for me on the sly.

"At first I said no, for I had no friend in the world but Col, and he was far over the sea; besides, I feel as if I am dying, and, oh, heaven knows how glad I shall be to die, for there is no one in the world for me to love and be proud of, and—I—I suppose I'm a disgrace, so it will be a good thing for me to die. Carrie says it's naughty to talk so—but is it?—yet she would make me write. Well, there was nobody but you to write to, and somehow, brother, I thought I should like to see you once more—just once—before I leave for ever this miserable world, and all the bad, wicked people in it. So you see I have written, and if you can come you must come soon, for I cannot last out on this bread and water. I am so thin, too, and so weak. You must come. Ask only for Carrie White when you come, and she will smuggle you in.

"This place is called Dr. Stanton's Asylum, Stanley Green, Fulham. I do not know where that is—Carrie wrote it down for me. You must find it out. Do come! I should like you to see me once more for the last time. If I should be dead, don't cry about me, though I don't suppose anybody would—and don't you. I suppose I am not worth it; but you will find a kiss left for you from poor

"GIFTIE.

"P. S.—Carrie will give it you for me.

"P. S.—Carrie is going to put some black beetles into Nurse Scrogg's beer. She drinks stout, and will not know of them until they are down. She hopes they will make her very bad. So do I."

Floye was deeply affected by the perusal of this long and curious epistle, especially by certain passages in it, and she could only hand it to Reginald to read without speaking, for she was quite incapable of uttering a word.

Before he had got to the end of it he danced with rage and passion, and but for the presence of Floye would have delivered a vociferous oration in strong language.

"I will pull the house down about that scoundrelly doctor's ears," he grated, between his teeth.

"Let's burn it down," suggested Leo, with glittering eyes and a chuckle of delight, "only not until I have had a deal with Nurse Scrogga. I must see her. I shall feel very bad until I do. I mean to make her shake her black beetles down. I know how to use whipcord, and if I don't wipe off every mark of Giftie's score against her—well, I won't ask young Carrie for that kiss, and I mean to have that little buss, with Giftie alive too, or perish."

Of course Reginald's speech was mere hyperbole, but Leo meant every word he said, and from the gleaming of his eye and his intonation when he suggested burning down the asylum, both Floye and Reginald did not entertain the slightest doubt that he would apply the lighted torch to the premises the moment he saw a chance and was within reach of it. Floye was indeed, grieved, as well as shocked, by the whole of his speech—language as well as sentiment—and even Reginald listened to it with the aspect of one who had just received an unusual surprise.

However, all other subjects merged into the one which comprehended the rescue of Giftie in the speediest and most certain way, and though Reginald was for departing at once, and taking Dr. Stanton's asylum by storm, yet more discreet counsels prevailed, and as the hour was already late, and the chances of a peremptory demand being readily or even reluctantly complied with more than doubtful, it was resolved to defer until morning all proceedings in the affair, when whatever action should be determined on would be resolutely pursued, that it might be effectively carried out.

Not much time was occupied in arriving at this conclusion, and then Floye addressed her attention to Leo. Her mind was greatly exercised about his resemblance to the creature who had so shamelessly and infamously lured Harcourt from her, and she felt a growing conviction that Leo must be her child by a former marriage—one whom, in furtherance of her schemes, she had heartlessly deserted, and now refused to acknowledge. She proceeded in as kindly and delicate a manner as possible to question him about his antecedents, but she did not find him readily responsive; indeed, as she proceeded, she saw his forehead and cheeks begin to flush scarlet, and his eyes to glisten with tears, but of rage rather than sorrow. At last he abruptly stopped her:

"I don't want to be restive with you, mum," he said, touching with a swift movement, and by the force of habit, his right temple with his forefinger; "but I hate to be asked questions about myself. They say at the stables I am a little before my time—a three year old with the form of a yearling—perhaps that's why I feel more sharply things that don't seem to touch the other lads going about. They don't care for sire or dam except to laugh at 'em. I do, and I know that I can't boast about mine. I suppose, as poor Giftie says, I'm a disgrace, and I must swallow it. It isn't my fault. They have done their worst by me, and it will be my turn one day, and then let them look out! Don't stop me please. You see, it's my business, not yours—only mine, nobody else's. And as I know how to make my own way in the world I don't want to be interfered with by anybody—and I won't—there, that's the straight tip."

He paused a moment, and then, before Floye could respond to his peculiar remarks, he looked up in her face with a soft expression in his large, liquid, lustrous eyes, that rendered his countenance almost enchanting, and continued:

"I don't wish to say anything rough to you, my lady—I don't in truth—for you are so pretty—so sweetly pretty, and so kind. And you are poor Giftie's mother, and that makes me very glad, because it must be a rare slice of luck to have such a dear and lovely mother as you. I know I should be up in the stirrups if you were; but you are not. I am not like you—nor——"

He turned a puzzled look on Reginald, reflected, lifted up his eyebrows, and went on:

"Nor like that fair swell Giftie says is her father; but——"

He stopped again with perplexed embarrassment. He gnawed his knuckle for an instant, and his face became a sheet of crimson, and he added, hastily:

"I can't make any of it out. I don't want to. I have got my handicap, and I must carry it. I know what I am going to do—I know what I will do. Please don't ask me any more questions. I'll help you to get Giftie into your own arms, and then—all the rest will be done by myself for myself, and not one soul in the world shall help me."

He clenched this with an oath only too commonly heard from the lips of stable boys and—in courts of justice.

With a purpose respecting his future in her mind, Floye ceased interrogating him, and observing that he looked fagged and worn out, and that, according to his own admission, he had walked from Tattenham on a biscuit and a draught at a trough—this only and legitimate son of a man who would stake fifty thousand pounds on a throw of the dice, and *pay his loss* without feeling it—she saw him provided with a good meal and a comfortable room to sleep in.

While thus engaged, Reginald proceeded to the private house of his solicitor—a sharp, clever, gentlemanly man about five and thirty—and finding him at home, he placed him in possession of the facts, and gave him Giftie's letter to read.

After he had listened attentively, and read the letter carefully through, he said, with an emphasis which also betrayed some personal emotion:

"We must have that child. But we must proceed by stratagem first. If that should fail, we must—we must——"

"Resort to the law," suggested Reginald.

The solicitor smiled.

"The law of the strong arm," he answered. "No doubt Dr. Stanton can show legal authority for what he has done, and he can detain her in his custody until we legally show that he must give her up to us. That will take time, and we cannot foresee what he may do with her,, or where place her in the meantime. He may restore her to the woman who put her in his hands—he may do many things while we are helpless. What we have to do, therefore, is to take care he can do nothing until she is in our safe care. Then he can proceed against us by law, eh?"

Reginald rubbed his hands.

"What do you propose?" he asked.

"That we take the boy down with us to the asylum. That we take down with us half a dozen resolute fellows also. That we have a close, light brougham in readiness with a pair of fast horses, and a coachman who will drive over a brick wall or through a keyhole. We will commence the innings, and send in the boy first. We will field with our half a dozen men well placed in the garden, and if the boy scores by bringing the child out for a walk among the flowers, the field will distinguish itself by a splendid catch, and carry off the young lady in triumph to the brougham, which will do its part at a racing pace."

"Suppose the poor child—which I fear—is too ill to come out in the garden for a walk, or will not be allowed—what then?" interrogated Reginald.

"Then in we go and take her out," answered the solicitor, promptly. "The men I shall take with me will not leave without her, and I will engage that they are not the sort of men to remain a moment longer than they can help in the building."

Reginald jumped at the proposition; and it was not until midnight that every preparation was made for the party to be in the immediate vicinity of Dr. Stanton's Asylum by half past six the following morning; and by half past six the party were at their respective posts.

Floye and old Deb Keyne were in the brougham, which was drawn up at the most convenient place. Reginald, the solicitor, and the six men had obtained by means of a ladder access to the garden, and were hiding there, while Leo had charge of the dog, Panther, who, as soon as he recognized Giftie, was likely to prove a valuable auxiliary. The boy went boldly up to the front gate and rang the bell once, twice, thrice, and then a tall, sallow-faced, raw-boned man opened the gate a little way and gazed on Leo with undisguised surprise.

"What do you want?" he asked, gruffly.

"To see my cox, Carrie White," he responded, readily and unaffectedly.

"Come by and by," surlily responded the man; and shut the gate sharply to.

It would not, however, close. Leo had inserted the handle of a whip which was covered with plaited leather down to the knob, and he was forced to open it once more.

"Can't come again," he said, quickly. "Her mother won't wait for her—she's dying."

Now it happened that Carrie was a very pretty girl, with a complexion like snow, and cheeks like roses. This gatekeeper was much gone in his approval of her, and was anxious to be regarded by her with the eye of selection. So, taking one more cautious glance at Leo, and then at the avenue, where no one was visible, he said, in an undertone:

"Slip in, then. I oughtn't to let you, but tell Carrie I did it to oblige her. Slide round the house under the windows till you find the scullery passage. Somebody there will fetch Carrie to you. Hallos! what the devil—— Bring that dog back. You can't take him in with you."

But Panther was in, and about fifty yards in front of Leo, who said, saucily:

"Fetch him back yourself;" and then went swiftly as a ferret in the direction in which he had been told.

He found that the gatekeeper did not attempt to follow him, and in less than a minute he had gained the scullery door. Here he found an old woman with hard features and saffron complexion. She was leaning against the doorpost, evidently very sick and ill.

"Want to see Carrie White," he said, gazing eagerly at her face.

"Cuss Carrie White," the old woman growled, savagely. "She gave me my beer last night, and there must have been p'isen in it. Ugh! how bad I've been! Lord, how bad I am!"

Leo would have liked to have jumped six feet high, but he restrained his delirious felicity.

"You are Nurse Scroggs, ain't you?" he remarked.

"Y-e-s," gasped the woman, with a loathful shudder.

"Tell me where to find Carrie, and I'll give you something to cure you afterwards," he rejoined, drawing the riding whip through his fingers.

The old woman gave a jerk of her thumb over her shoulder, indicating the end of the passage, and down it went Leo and the dog. In a little cell of a room at the end of the passage he saw a young girl standing with a dish of arrowroot, which she was blowing to cool, and for a moment he paused and gazed at her, and almost simultaneously she turned her head and saw him. Her soft brown, kind eyes and his large dark orbs met; each silently perused the other's countenance, and both smiled.

"You are Carrie White?" he said, in a whisper.

She nodded with very elevated eyebrows and screwed-up lips.

"You are a beauty," he said, in all sincerity; and walking up to her took her hand and shook it. Then he added, "Dub up."

"Dub up!" she repeated, laughing. "Why, whoever are you?"

He pulled Giftie's letter, which had been restored to him, from his pocket, and showed it to her.

"Are you that Tiny?" she asked, eagerly.

"Nobody else," he answered. "Give us the kiss you owe me;" and before she had an idea what he was about to do, he flung his arms about her neck and kissed her cheek.

"Well!" she ejaculated; "of all the howdaciousest sprats I ever see——"

"You have been kind to my sister, Giftie," he interrupted, with emotion, quite unable to repress a rush of tears, "and if ever I'm a rich man I'll pay you handsomely for it. Where's Giftie?"

"Hush," she whispered; "you must be very quiet. Oh, that nasty dog! take him away."

"No," he replied, quickly; "he belongs to Giftie. "I've come to take her away, and he may be of use."

"You!" she exclaimed, with a laugh of disappointment. "Why she is too feeble to walk, and they won't let her go out of here unless by force."

Then Leo, in her ear, put her in possession of what had been done, and then, after racking her little mind until it was almost distracted, she exclaimed:

"I know what to do. You come with me. I have made her this arrowroot on the sly, and she must take it, or she will never be able to move. When she has had it we will see."

A minute more, and Leo stood within the cell in which poor Giftie was confined. Before he entered he heard her crying and laughing and talking feebly indeed, but in a very hysteric of joy, and at the same time the whining, moaning, gurgling expressions of delight from the dog. Panther and she were reunited, and he would be a strong man, with plenty of resources, who succeeded in forcing that dog from her companionship again.

Poor Leo looked on Giftie aghast, and when she held out her bony hand to him, and a smile of welcome broke over her wan, pinched, wasted face, he only gasped once or twice, dropped down on the edge of her wretched little pallet, covered his face with his hands, and quite sobbed, he was so shocked.

"Don't cry, little brother," she exclaimed, faintly. "I ain't dead yet."

He jumped to his feet.

"No," he said, rapidly; "you're worth a score of dead 'uns yet. We've come to take you away, Giftie. Pluck up, old girl. The tits ain't foaled that will stop us."

He should have been six feet high and weighed fifteen stone, according to the manner in which he uttered this boast.

But there was no time to lose. Carrie put Leo out of the door, whispering:

"Hide under a flower pot. I will dress missie, wrap her in her blanket and bring her into the garden. Then her folks must whisk her out of my arms and take her away. Oh, what a precious row I shall get into; but I don't care."

"You'll have to go with us," nodded Leo, as he glided away and ensconced himself under the shadow of an aloe growing in a large tub.

It seemed almost before he could draw breath he saw Carrie come out into the garden, carrying Giftie in her arms, and Panther playing round her. But Carrie, instead of walking slowly, as she had suggested, was coming at "the double," and looked scared.

Then Leo saw that immediately in her rear followed Nurse Scrogga, who was growling and screeching:

"Come back! She shan't be brought out in the garden! Take her back! I'll teach you, buzzy, to break the rules!"

"No—no, Scroggy!" screamed a youthful voice, as its owner butted his head in her stomach and stopped her. "Let me teach you how I cured the Lady Bab filly. Hoop-la! Down with the beetles! Shake 'em down. Heigh! heigh! heigh!"

And then Nurse Scrogga thought that a hurricane of hawthorn twigs was pouring upon her face and neck, her shoulders and arms, cutting, scoring, wealing, blinding and maddening her.

At the same moment Carrie found herself caught by the arms by two gentlemen and hurried forward, one pleading voice breathing in her ear:

"Don't be alarmed. We will take every care of you."

But the shrieks and wails of Nurse Scroggs, as Leo cut her viciously with his whalebone, brought out Dr. Stanton and two men, while the gatekeeper followed in the rear.

As soon as they saw Carrie bearing a female in her arms they guessed the rescue of a prisoner was going on, and they dashed after the fugitives, and speedily overtook them.

Dr. Stanton, well ahead, made a grip at Giftie's blanket, and tried to catch hold of her arm, but that very instant found himself borne to the earth by a terrible black dog, who pinned him by the throat, and held him down as if he had been a rat.

Then, with an excess of zeal, the gaunt gatekeeper made a clutch at Carrie, and caught her by the shoulders.

She screamed. Reginald turned round and faced him.

He let out his left hand at him straight from the shoulder.

Ding!

It alighted between the eyes of the gaunt gatekeeper, and he went back as if urged by a cannon ball smash into a forcing frame, making an awful din with the broken glass.

As Reginald saw him flying backwards he did not say, "That's the sort of man I am"—but he thought it!

The "fielders," too, were the reverse of idle. They observed where the pressure was exerted, and in spite of cries and shouts for police they managed to convey Carrie and Giftie over the wall and into the brougham.

As that was driven away, with Leo on the box, at a tremendous pace they darted off, each in a different direction, and disappeared like puffs of smoke in a stiff breeze.

And thus, at last, Giftie was in her mother's arms, clutched, tightly pressed to her heart, and wept over with a very passion of tears.

And no wonder. Poor Giftie was pale as marble—cold as ice; her lips were closed and drawn, and there was no sign to show she was not dead.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE LULL IN THE STORM.

It seemed to Floye that her active life had begun.

She had got her child once more within her arms—once more held to her heart. Whatever may be the secret influences of maternal instinct, she at least did not for an instant entertain the shadow of a doubt that it was her own child, from which she had been parted when it was an infant, whom she had now in her custody.

Such custody!

It was enough to make almost a strong man not without a heart or some human feeling weep to see her constant, unvarying, incessant devotion to the motionless, strengthless shadow which she had brought home from the asylum.

No sooner safely within her house than as safely in the best down bed the house could furnish—and the best physician, of whom medical science was justly proud, holding between finger and thumb the poor weak pulse, that scarce gave one answering throb—lay that long neglected child.

Not for an hour—not for a minute—was she away from the bedside, watching, praying, as life flickered feebly in the exhausted frame like an expiring flame in a spent lamp, threatening suddenly to disappear and leave the world in darkness to her.

Only, said the physician, unflagging watchfulness—only unwearying attention—only the administration of the most delicate nutriment, morsel by morsel, hour by hour—could defeat Death, and drive him from the field.

And only could this child's mother have done this thing.

And Death for the nonce was driven out, but not until after a protracted and fiercely contested struggle.

What was the reward?

One night, long after the midnight hour had tolled, and as the dawn was just approaching, Giftie opened her large blue eyes, and they settled on the pallid face of Floye bent over hers, watching with anxious, loving tenderness the coming and going of her breath.

For a little—it seemed to Floye a long—time, Giftie perused her features earnestly, scanning every lineament closely and attentively, and then gradually a soft—on that young, deathly face it appeared absolutely beatific—smile broke over and illuminated the whole countenance.

And she murmured as she twined her thin, wasted arms about her neck:

"You are my mother. Only my mother could have been so good to me. Kiss me, for I am so—so—hap—happy."

As if to show that she was so she sobbed convulsively, and as if she were about to die.

"It is only a question of time now," remarked the physician, when he made what he stated would be his last call. "Get her away into the country."

To be sure Floye lost no time in making preparations for a return and lengthened sojourn at Wimborne Grange, where she was born, looking the picture of happiness and returning strength each day that brought her nearer to her departure from London; but somehow this was not exactly the case with Reginald Ringwood.

He was not prepared to deny that he ought to look the picture of happiness, too. Floye had found and got possession of the object of her ceaseless mourning and ten years' search, and with a mother's—and such a mother's—loving tenderness the little wild flower would become beautiful, elegant, and delicate as a hothouse flower. Floye, too, was all serenity and happiness, and that consideration ought to have made him brimful of bliss.

Yet somehow it did not quite do it. He was not happy. He was like the Irishman who was spoiling for a fight. He yearned almost to sickening to settle the account he had scored against Harcourt. He did not know how to bring it about without a serious quarrel with Floye. If it had not been for that—for one or other of them long before this the time had come, but it was not to be done.

He would have contented himself with prosecuting to a successful issue a divorce case; but even that he felt he must not broach to Floye—at least as yet; in time, perhaps, she might be brought to listen. But the grass was growing so fast and the steed was starving. Yet there was no help for it, so he aided in the preparations that were going on to leave London suddenly and secretly, and put the best face he could on the matter.

There was another one who was loth to leave, and yet resisted every proposal to live beneath the roofs of either Floye or Reginald, and he was the unhappy boy, Leo.

That he was unhappy there was no doubt, although he tried to carry his condition with a reckless, defiant manner, which absolutely forbade all sympathy, and he refused even angrily all assistance, all help, all aid of any kind. Still he remained in the house without saying why he lingered, and it was not until one day he learned that Giftie had been brought from her sleeping chamber, and placed on a couch in a small room, overlooking the garden, that he suddenly sought Floye, and in a manner which strangely impressed her with a conviction that he was well born, he begged to be permitted to bid Giftie "Ta-ta" alone.

At first Floye shook her head and hesitated; but there was a proud bearing in the boy which evinced that he would treat Giftie with tenderness and respect, and one large, bright tear which had crept out of the corner of his eyelid, that told how much he had this farewell at heart.

So Floye consented, counseling him—needlessly, however—to be quiet and collected in his manner while with her, and to say or do nothing which would agitate or excite her.

Thus permitted, he crept noiselessly into the room, to the sofa where Giftie was reclining, with the huge dog Panther on the carpet by her side. The dog wagged his tail and bent a mild, soft glance on Leo—he knew him again. At the same moment Giftie turned her eyes round and observed him. She gave a little cry of joy, half rose up, and held both her hands out to him.

He hurried towards her, bending his suffused eyes on her colorless face, and dropping down on his knees by her side, he took both her hands and kissed them.

She snatched them away.

"Kiss me," she exclaimed, in very faint tones, as she held up her mouth. "Only you are a naughty, cold-blooded boy never to have come to see me before this."

He kissed her lips. He was not a backward boy, but he was so husky he was obliged to cough several times to clear his throat.

"I haven't been out of the crib," he answered, when he could speak. "But I've asked after you every hour of the day. But now you're better, and you're going away, I've come to say good-bye, little Beauty, I suppose now and for ever—for—for it turns out we're not brother and sister after all."

"And I wish we were now, though I didn't like the look of you at first," rejoined Giftie, with a shade of sorrow passing over her features; "but I do now, for I know what a good heart you have got, and I only wish your mother was my—no, I don't mean that, but that my mother——"

"Stop all that talk, Giftie," he interrupted, sharply. "I beg and pray of you not to speak of relations of any sort to me while we are together. You are all right, but you don't know how I feel about it, and so don't hurt me by saying one word. I want to forget—I mean to forget. I am—look here, Giftie, I've sometimes sat down by the river Mole—which, they say, flows all the way under Boxhill into the Thames, and so on to the sea. I've seen a buttercup I've flung into it float away, right away out of sight, down, I suppose, to the Thames, and from that to the sea—perhaps to the other side of the world. Nobody noticed that buttercup. I didn't after it had got far; never thought of it again after I was up and away. I am nothing but a buttercup on a flowing river; as soon as I am out of sight it won't matter to you or to anybody a bit what becomes of me."

"If I'd a stick here I'd give you one for that. You answer for other people; don't you answer about that for me," interposed Giftie, slightly contracting her brows. "I don't suppose you are going to be a fool; but what are you going to do, talking in that way."

"No fear about me, Giftie," he answered; "I shall always drop on my feet. Now, look here. You can understand me. Your relations have turned out right—mine have not as far as they are concerned. For ever I'm an orphan. Do you understand? I can make an out and out living without them—without anybody but myself. What I'm going to do, of all the world I'll tell only you; and you must keep it dark. The Lady Bab filly is the best flyer and stayer ever foaled. She is entered for Guineas, Derby, and Sellinger. Nobody can ride her but me, and if I win those races I shall clear a thousand—perhaps two; and I shall win 'em. So I shall be well off; therefore don't fret after me, and don't trouble about me. But—Giftie—but though I said what I did, I shouldn't quite like you to out and out forget me, so I bought you this. Do wear it for my sake! You will, won't you?"

Here he produced from his pocket a little maroon morocco case and opening it, took out a silver thimble, and handed it to her. She held up the third finger of her left hand as if it were an engaged ring, and he put it on.

"Fits lovely," she answered, looking at it attentively. "How fine—how pretty! The one I had was steel, with a brass rim. I'll never part with this, and always when I work think of—not Tiny——"

"No," he rejoined, quickly. "My name, I was told the other day as a secret, is Vivian Templemore."

"Vivian Templemore! That is better," she repeated. "And mine is, only think of it——"

"Don't want to hear it," he interrupted, in sudden excitement. "I only want to know you as Giftie—dear little sister Giftie. I wish you was. I shall remember you only as Giftie. I may see you again—'tain't likely; but if I don't—well, well, God bless you, Giftie! Good bye! May you always—always be well and happy!"

Then he put his arms about her neck, abruptly kissed her, and ran out of the room. Giftie screamed out loudly to stop him. Floye hastened into the room, and when she knew the cause of Giftie's cries she sent her servant in pursuit of him; but he had disappeared. A few days subsequently Floye and Giftie, accompanied by Reginald, Panther, and old Deb Keyne, had perforce to set out for Wimborne Grange without having gained any tidings of him.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

TRUTH.—The consciousness of truth serves the timid, and imparts dignity and firmness to their actions. It is an eternal principle of honor which renders the possessor superior to fear; it is always consistent with itself, and needs no ally. Its influence will remain when the lustre of all that once sparkled and dazzled has passed away.

SPONGE FISHING.

From a recent account of the sponge fishery at Tunis, it would seem that to fish for sponges required as much, if not more skill than to fish for salmon. The sponge fishery is most actively carried on during the three months of December, January and February, for at other seasons the place where the sponges exist are overgrown with seaweed. The storms during November and December destroy and sweep away the thick marine vegetation and leave the sponges exposed to view. The fishery is divided into two seasons, namely, summer and winter, the former commencing in March and ending in November, and the latter as noted above. But the collection of sponges is not very productive in summer, as it is confined to the operations carried on with diving apparatus, which can only be used on rocky and firm-bottomed places, or to the success of native fishermen, who wade along the shores and feel for sponges with their feet among the masses of seaweed. The sponges thus collected by the Arabs are also of an inferior quality, owing to the small depth of water in which they have grown. As, nevertheless, calm weather and a smooth sea are essential for the success of the fishermen, the winter season, although lasting three months, does not generally afford more than forty-five working days.

Sponges are obtained by spearing with a trident, by diving with or without the assistance of an apparatus, or by dredging with a machine somewhat similar to an oyster dredge. The Arab fishermen, principally natives of Markenah and Jerbah, employ boats called sandals, manned by from four to seven persons, one of whom is the harpooner, while the others manage the sails, etc. The spearman watches for the sponges from the bows of the sandal, and the boat is luffed round on his perceiving one, so as to enable him to strike it. The depth of the sea in which the Arabs fish is from fifteen feet to thirty feet. Although the Greeks are most expert divers, the majority of them use the spear. They employ small and light boats, just sufficient to carry a spearman and an oarsman. The boat is rowed gently along, while the spearman searches the bottom of the sea by means of a tin tube of fourteen inches in diameter by nineteen inches in length, at one end of which is placed a thick sheet of glass. This tube is slightly immersed in the water, and enables the fisherman to view the bottom undisturbed by the oscillations of the surface.

The spears used by the Greeks are shorter than those employed by the natives and Sicilians, but with wonderful adroitness they are enabled to reach sponges covered by sixty feet of water. They hold in their hand from three to four spears, and dart them so quickly and with such precision, one after the other, that before the first has time to disappear under the surface the second strikes its upper extremity, and thus gives it additional impetus to reach the sponge aimed at. The Sicilians also fish with a spear and in small rowing boats, but do not understand the employment of the tube, and have not acquired the knack of the Greeks in using three or four spears; they consequently seldom secure an equal quantity of sponges, although they are always more successful than the Arabs. The produce of the fishery is, it is stated, susceptible of considerable augmentation by an increase in the number of fishermen, and a new sponge is reproduced within a year wherever one has been removed.

THE YANKEE AND THE DUTCHMAN.

Abner was a quiet, peaceable sort of a Yankee, who lived on the same farm on which his fathers had lived before him, and was generally considered a pretty cute sort of a fellow—always ready with a trick whenever it was of the least utility, yet when he did play any of his tricks, 'twas done in such an innocent manner, that his victim could do no better than take it all in good part.

Now it happened that one of Abner's neighbors sold a farm to a tolerable green specimen of a Dutchman—one of the real unintelligent, stupid sort.

Von Vlom Schlopsh had a dog, as Dutchmen often have, who was less unintelligent than his master, and who had since leaving his "faderland," become sufficiently civilized not only to appropriate the soil as common stock, but had progressed so far in the good work as to obtain his dinners from various sheepfolds on the same principle.

When Abner discovered this propensity in the canine department of the Dutchman's family, he called over to his new neighbor's to enter complaint, which mission he accomplished in the most natural manner in the world.

"Wal, Von, your dog's been killing my sheep."

"Ya—dat ish bad—he ish von goot tog—ya—dat ish very bad."

"Sartain it's bad, and you'll have to stop him."

"Ya—dat ish allas goot—but Ich weis nicht?"

"What's that you say, he was nicked? Wal, now look here, old feller, nickin's no use—crop him—cut the tail close off—chock up to the trunk—that'll cure him."

"Vat ish dat?" exclaimed the Dutchman, while a faint ray of intelligence crept over his features. "Ya, dat ish goot—dat cure von sheep steal, eh?"

"Sartain it will—he'll never touch sheep-meat again in this world."

"Then come mit me—he von mity goot tog, all the way from Yarmany; I not take von five dollar—but come mit me and hold his tail. Ich chop him off."

"Sartain, I'll hold his tail if you want me to, but you must cut it up close."

"Ya, dat ish right. Ich make him von goot tog. There, Blitzen, come right here, you von sheep steal rashkul, I chop your tail in one two pieces."

The dog obeyed the summons, and the master tied his feet fore and aft, for fear of accident, and placing the tail in the Yankee's hand, requested to lay it across a large block of wood.

"Chock up," said Abner, and he drew the butt of the tail close over the log.

"Ya, dat ish right. Now you von dam tief sheep, I learns you better luck," and he raised the axe.

It descended, and as it did so, Abner, with characteristic presence of mind, brought Blitzen's neck over the log, and the head rolled over the other side.

"Wal, I swow," said Abner, with apparent astonishment, as he dropped the headless trunk of the dog, "that was a leetle too close."

"Mine Cot!" exclaimed the Dutchman, "you shust cut him off de wrong end."

RECEIPTS
GENERAL AND DOMESTIC

To stop new boots squeaking, drive a peg in the middle of the sole.

DIAMOND cement, for glass or china, is nothing more than isinglass boiled in water to the consistency of cream, with a small portion of rectified spirit added. It must be warmed when used.

TO SOFTEN THE HANDS.—Half a pound mutton tallow, one ounce of camphor-gum, and one ounce of glycerine; melt, and, when thoroughly mixed set away to cool. Rub the hands with this at night; it will render them white, smooth and soft.

LEMON CREAM FOR SUNBURN AND FRECKLES.—Put two spoonfuls of sweet cream into a half pint of new milk; into it squeeze the juice of a lemon; add half a glass of good brandy and a little alum and loaf sugar. Boil the whole, skim it well, and when cool put it to one side for use.

GRAPE LOTION FOR SUNBURN.—Dip a bunch of green grapes in a basin of water, and then sprinkle it with alum and salt, well powdered and mixed. Wrap it in clean paper, and bake it under hot ashes; then take it up and express juice. Wash the face occasionally with this, and it will remove sunburn, tan, and freckles.

LINEN which has been laid by unused for a long time is liable to acquire a yellowish tint. Washing in a weak solution of chloride of lime will speedily restore the original white color. After the soaking in this chlorine preparation, the articles ought to be rinsed, first in a solution of antichlore [hyposulphate of sodium], and then again in pure cold water.

PRICKLY HEAT.—This common annoyance during the summer season is the result of a prolonged overheating of the skin, and the accompanying sweating of those not accustomed to it. Invalids confined to their beds in warm rooms, and persons coming from a cool temperature and exposed to the great heat of the tropical sun, are particularly subject to it. Frequent bathing in cool water is very serviceable. If this is not successful, a tablespoonful of salaratus dissolved in a quart of cold water, often allays the intolerable itching. As the complaint is caused by the overheating of the body, the most natural relief is to reduce the temperature of the body and remove the source of irritation, which can be done by cool water baths.

NEWS OF INTEREST

THE revenue from tobacco last year reached the enormous sum of $39,892,936.

INDIA has now 3,700,000 acres of land devoted to cotton and 796,000 acres under tobacco cultivation.

A CORN-STARCH factory at Indianapolis, uses 1,000 bushels of corn per day and makes eight car-loads of starch per week.

AT Bordeaux, recently, three bottles of Medoc, of the vintage of 1793, were sold for 1,800 francs, or about $120 a bottle.

COLORADO will date her admission to the sisterhood of States July 4, 1876. She has taken the title of "Centennial;" her territory is as large as New York and all New England combined.

THE largest farm in the world is owned by George Grant, of England. It embraces the county of Ellis, Kansas, and contains 576,000 acres. He winters 700 sheep, and has $350,000 invested in live stock.

PINE leaves are largely utilized in Europe. They are converted into a kind of wadding, which is used for upholstering, instead of hair. A kind of flannel is also made from this fibre. Vests, drawers, loose shirts, etc., are made of this material.

No less than twenty-nine trade marks have already been secured in the Patent Office for the word "Centennial," as applied to various articles of manufacture, such as perfumes, almanacs, cigars, blacking, bitters, shirts, watches and even lager beer.

A CHINESE commissioner is now inspecting the coal fields of Great Britain. He has been sent out by his Government to obtain information on the machinery used in raising coal and the method generally of working collieries, with a view of applying his knowledge to the working and opening out of new collieries by the Chinese Government.

OUR readers may not know how English race horses run. This is the way that a writer on one of the London dailies spoke of Doncaster, the winner of the Ascot cup: "He grasped the sward with his fore feet as if he were about to vault skyward, and he flung his hind legs from him with the force of a catapult." No wonder he sold for fifty thousand dollars.

What Every Horseman Wants?

A GOOD, CHEAP AND RELIABLE LINIment. Such an article is Dr. Tobias' Venetian Horse Liniment. Put bottles at One Dollar. For Lameness, Cuts, Galls, Colic, Sprains, etc., warranted better than any other. Sold by the Druggists. Depot, 10 Park Place, New York.

Perpetual Beauty.

Every lady has been wanting for years a toilet preparation in which she could place confidence, and use without fear of injuring health. The recent analysis made by the Metropolitan Board of Health has proven that Geo. W. Laird's "Bloom of Youth" is entirely free from anything detrimental to health or injurious to the skin. It can be used without showing the slightest trace of its use. Will leave the skin soft, smooth, and delicately beautiful. Sold at all druggists and fancy goods stores.

Depot, 6 Gold Street, New York. Price 75 cents.

OBSERVATIONS ON

NASAL CATARRH.

An abstract from a forthcoming work on diseases of the throat and air-passages, by A. N. WILLIAMSON, M. D., late Clinical Physician in the University Medical College, New York City. Mailed to any address for 10 cents. Address the author, 28 East 20th street, N. Y.

Dr. WILLIAMSON'S great success in the treatment of Catarrhal and throat and lung affections, renders valuable whatever comes from his pen."—*Journal of Medical Science.*

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DARE.

There is a world of meaning in this Saxon word of four letters. Infinitely more potent is it than the magic phrase which opened the famous cave of the Forty Thieves. That gave to the possession of him who uttered it only sordid material treasure, but this little syllable, rightly spoken, opens the avenues to wealth, to honor, to fame, to happiness, to learning, to a lasting and honorable remembrance among men. But for courage to speak it, many a life languishes in darkness and creeps along the shallow shore of circumstance, instead of pushing boldly out upon the tide that "taken at its flood leads on to fortune."

Among the elements which this word represents is that of madness or infatuation, and, in fact, those in every age who have greatly dared have seemed to their cotemporaries to be beside themselves, but that there was method in their madness has appeared in the achievements they wrought. How to command this method, the word itself, in one of its transpositions, teaches us; placing its letters differently, we have "read," in the imperative, as though one should say "read—and then—dare."

In every department of human industry there have been before us tireless and successful workers, whose example we may have for our encouragement and whose methods we may in part or in whole make our own. One of the noblest uses of biography is in its teachings how and why men have failed, how and why they have succeeded. Alexander, the conqueror of the world, slept with a copy of the Iliad under his pillow, that at night and in the morning he might have before his imagination his hero Achilles. Themistocles—name of unsurpassed lustre among the Greeks—declared that the trophies of Miltiades would not let him sleep. Plutarch's Lives have been for ages a fountain of inspiration to the young and to the old. But we need not go back to antiquity for noble examples of how to do and how to dare. Let him that would make conquests in the world of literature study the lives of Burke, of Milton, of Sir Philip Sidney, of Sir William Hamilton; would he explore the realms of science, let him follow in the footsteps of Cuvier, Faraday, and Agassiz; would he enshrine his name in the hearts of a grateful country, let him study the lives of Washington, of Franklin, of Lincoln.

An acute writer has said: "A sense of impossibility paralyzes the will," so what we greatly desire and long for must seem to us possible or we cannot dare to win it. In the lives of great men we can see wherein the elements of possibility lay and how they were made to accomplish the grand result. The fortunes of such men as Astor, Vanderbilt, Stewart, were not built up by chance moves, neither are the attainments and reputation of Longfellow, Bryant, McCosh, Emerson, Cushman, fairy gifts that came for the asking. The secret of success in all these lives was the grasping of the possibilities that they saw and the steady working out of their programme in the face of every obstacle and in spite of every hindrance. Before such persistent daring, what mountain of impediment will not sooner or later give way!

Instead of standing shivering upon the brink of duty let us boldly plunge in and buffet the waves with lusty sinews, throwing aside the roaring torrent and stemming it with hearts of controversy. Better by far go down in mid-ocean, bravely fighting winds and waves, than lie stranded on a bleak and barren shore.

CONSCIENCE'S PROMISSORY NOTES.—We read with amusement the description of Wilkins Micawber's promissory notes—how, with him, the signing of such promises to pay were equivalent to handing over the cash itself; but we neglect to draw a moral from the pleasant fiction. Do we not, all of us, over and over again, make good resolutions when convinced of wrong-doing, which are but promissory notes to conscience? Notes which we seldom take up, by the way, though we forget that our honor is compromised by the omission. It is so easy to promise! If we are remiss in our duty towards a loved one, a few kind words, a promise for future amendment, in our opinion, compensates for all past neglect; but if that loved one dies ere we have time to render compensation—what then? Ah, friends, if individuals would only keep their promises towards the living! Many times promises never seem to be fully realized till the one who called them forth lies silent in death, till the "too late" stares us in the face, and removes our every opportunity.

IN THE HONEYMOON.

BY T. FERGUSON.

Now let me dream, a little while reclined, love,
Upon your breast—
In all the world it is so hard to find, love,
A place to rest.
The world, alas! is full of storm and sound, love;
The world at headlong pace goes whirling round, love;
And, if an hour of quiet can be found, love,
That hour is surely blest.

So let me lie, and let your golden hair, love,
Fall round me quite,
And wrap me in a dream forever fair, love,
Forever bright—
A dream of your white forehead like the snows, love,
A dream of lips and cheeks that match the rose, love,
A dream that lays my spirit in repose, love,
And measureless delight.

Here, where the summer wind is cool and low, love,
Beneath the trees,
If fairy spell could come and charm us so, love,
That time might cease
Forever, it were surely sweet to lie, love
And in a pleasant trance to faint and die, love,
And be quite happy, scarcely knowing why, love,
And perfectly at peace!

SATURDAY EVENING SKETCHES.

NUMBER SEVENTEEN.

BY HESTER A. BENEDICT.

She came, loiteringly along the beach, pretty Madaline Hope, whom everybody loved—came with her hat pulled lower than usual over the soft blue of her eyes, and her fingers picking nervously the tender stems of the rose buds old Granny Noyes had given her when she called—a half hour's walk further up the mountain—to inquire after the good old dame's rheumatism, and leave a glass of jelly on the broad shelf of her pantry.

For she was a very angel of mercy—this fair-haired Madaline Hope, who had left everybody and everything dear in life (save one), only two years aback, and had come to the out-of-the-way-place of Leeds to find the home and the happiness she had dreamed of in her childhood, a very angel of mercy everywhere; and her name was spoken always in admiring reverence by the men, women and children, not one of whom but would have died for her if need were.

But for many months a change had been coming over her. She was just as useful, just as patient, just as sweet and tender; but she did not seem as happy; and sometime the shadow crept out of her eyes, and went darkening all her face, and her voice would remind one of a something sad, heard often in the wet wind from the sea, or shaken sobbingly from a nightingale's sweet song.

And it was of that very change she was thinking, coming slowly up the beach with the rose stems crumbling in her palm and dropping down under her feet, and the wonder hard upon her—as it had been upon many since the world began—what it all meant, and if the sweet romance of life were really ended and put out of sight forever.

And she *so young* yet! Ah, so *very* young!

Suddenly she stopped, leaned against the trunk of a twisted oak, took off her hat, and lifted her face toward the land where light is, brushing back her hair as she did so, and forgetting to loose her fingers from the fairy mesh "meant to be jeweled and braided and kissed." And as she stood there with wide eyes and knotted brows, a little lonesome cry came out of her heart, fluttered through her lips, and told the angels a story that many a heart's low cry has told to them, and will tell to the end of time.

How chill and gray the sky was!

If only there were not so many things to remind her of her life, she thought; her chill, gray life with never a fierce, mad storm, but always the fog and the mist. If only the sun would shine *one* day, just as it used to do! If only *he* were unchanged!

Ah!—that was the secret of her heart—but nobody should know it. She would try *so* hard, she thought, to keep it locked always in the inner places of her life, and she would do her duty well, let her miss whatever she might.

But somehow, even then, she fell to thinking of some one

"Over the hills and far away,"

And wondering if, after all, when she had chosen, where "ways were many," she had missed the right, and, because of that, must do without the blooms she had hoped to find under her feet, and on either side of her, as she went on and on to the land and the love immortal.

A raven shrieked out from the half burnt stump of a tree within reach of her hand, but did not startle nor disturb her. She was getting used to all sorts of lonesome sounds, and the lonesomest of all were those she could not mention save in her talks with God.

She was trying to face her life's prospect fairly, in the half light given her to see through, to meet and to accept it, bravely, as she ought, and to bury, as she must, the bright dreams she had clung to so long that to have them fade and die was worse—oh! so much, much worse for her, than the death of her own bright body; and she was praying for strength and for wisdom, praying as only a woman *can* who feels that the rock she clung to has, little by little, crumbled all away, and who has suddenly found herself adrift and alone, with none but God to cry to.

And she was so young, oh, so pitifully young! Twenty last birthday; and she *might* live three times twenty more.

"God forbid!" she moaned out, bitterly, seeming to see the long, hard line of a possible life below, and not the flowery land to which it would surely lead.

Then she turned seaward, watching for a long time the sail that was speeding *him* homeward, and *to her*.

If he would only come "in the old likeness," how happy she could be. If he only would not go *down* so fast!—down to the level of the lowest, and seem contented there.

And she had loved him so well until she could not *honor* him any more—until she could not give to him even the *respect* accorded to strangers. And oh, the pity, the shame, the agony of it all! How could she live and bear it?

Her blue eyes were bent still upon the sail incoming, but she did not see its shimmer. She did not see anything but the horrible picture of her life that *was* to be if she must live on, and on, and on.

After awhile she saw not even that, for she was lying, white and still, at the old oak's feet, and the raven had flown, and the sunset had faded, and "the heavy night hung dark the hills and waters o'er."

When she 'wakened again, she lay in her own room, and there was all about her the quiet that waits on death. She tried to lift her hand, but she could not. She was as helpless as a babe. What did it mean?

A young child's cry reached her, and—Was that it? Had God been so good to her, just when she needed most some token of His tenderness? The tears trickled through her locked lashes, and somebody kissed them away, saying, after one little minute's pause:

"Madeline, *my* Madeline! my hope so nearly lost!"

That was all—just then.

After that, how the strength came back! the strength, the joy, and the old, sweet splendor of life.

And, one day, when the snow was falling without, and the baby sleeping within, Allen Hope knelt at his young wife's feet, and told her of his mad, mad misery when for all his cries of penitence, and remorse that even friends might pity, she had had no answer but the still lips and the unlifted lids.

"If you had died then, my darling," he said, holding tight to both her snowy hands as if fearing he might lose her even then, "if you had gone away without knowing how sorry I was, and how much I loved and needed you, I think I should have gone mad."

"But we are to forget the sad things, you know, dear," she answered, softly, "the sad things and the wrong—though *the* wrong, or *a* wrong lay black and hideous at my own door."

He lifted his brows suddenly, and a pallor touched the deep bronze of his face.

"*A wrong*, Madaline, my wife?

"Yes, Allen. For that day—you remember?—that day when everything seemed lost through you, I thought of him," breaking down there and sobbing piteously, with her face upon his shoulder.

"Not fondly, Madaline?"

"No; only wondering if he would not have made my life more like my long-ago dream of it. But the wonder was wrong, dear. Can you forgive it?"

"It was my fault, mine only," he said, quietly. "You shall not blame yourself; for had you gone to him even——"

She laid her hand over his lips. The sunshine struck across them; and, spirit to spirit, their new life had begun.

NEWS AND NONSENSE.

BY B. DADD.

A SHAKY BUSINESS—Running for a political office. Hand-shaky, we mean.

A MAN who "swore off" drinking whisky one week, and was found drunk the next, explained that he wouldn't give much for the man who "couldn't (hic) swear off more than once (hic) er week."

AN Arkansas editor innocently reports that a four foot rattlesnake crawled across a leader he was writing the other day. He should join a temperance society. That reptile came out of his boots, no doubt.

"QUARTZ CITY, in Nevada, consists of six tents and two log saloons." How those city people manage to worry along with only two saloons is a good question for country debating societies to wrestle with next winter.

A SCIENTIST says the world weighs five hundred million billion tons; but if he didn't take the grasshoppers and potato bugs off the earth before weighing it, at least a million tons should be deducted from his figures.

A CANAL BOAT driver who undertook to reason with a mule, was fished out of the river shortly afterwards, and carried to the hospital with his internal machinery frightfully out of repairs. Moral—never reason with a mule, unless you use a twenty-five foot pole.

THEY tell of a man in that convenient place, "out west," who is dead from his neck downwards, and now "has a living head on a dead body." This is the first instance on record, we believe, of a living head having a dead body, though "dead heads" having living bodies are altogether too numerous.

"THE reigning belle of Saratoga" manages to worry through the season with only five big trunks, two French maids, a hired young lady companion, three pet canaries, a pair of ponies and a phæton and an ugly poodle. It is presumed her father failed during the recent panic, hence her paucity of luxuries. She should have one more poodle at least, unless she has a lover who parts his hair in the middle and wears a velvet coat.

THAT was an awful mean trick Swilters served his wife the other evening. Mrs. Swilters was in the habit of meandering down to Fogle's saloon, where her husband spent nearly all his money and half of the night, and seizing him by the neck, she would lead him home as meek as any lamb. Swilters never manifested any outward signs of rebellion, but he evidently indulged in a prodigious sight of thinking, for when Mrs. S. went down to the saloon the other evening and grabbed him by the neck as usual, she suddenly released her hold without any one asking her to, and darted out of the door uttering wild shrieks and nursing a bleeding hand. Swilters, the wretch, had encircled his neck with a cravat from which protruded the points of nearly a hundred needles, and his wife thought at first that she had grabbed hold of a porcupine. It is best to draw a veil over the scene that took place when Swilters returned home.

THINK.—Thought engenders thought. Place one idea upon paper—another will follow it, and still another, until you have written a page. You cannot fathom your mind. There is a well of thought there which has no bottom. The more you draw from it, the more clear and fruitful it will be. If you neglect to think to yourself, and use other people's thoughts—giving them utterance only—you will never know what you are capable of. At first your ideas may come out in lumps, homely and shapeless; but no matter, time and perseverance will arrange and polish them. Learn to think, and you will learn to write. The more you think, the better you will express your ideas.

No statue that the rich man places ostentatiously in his windows is to be compared to the little expectant face pressing against the window-pane, watching for his father, when his day's occupation is done.

ANCHOR WATCH YARNS.

An Incident of the Macao Coolie Trade.

THE SECOND LIEUTENANT'S STORY.

BY LIEUT H. D. SMITH, U. S. R. M.

"You have all heard of the Coolie trade, its dangers, and, I may add, its atrocities, a system of slavery recognized, and, at one time, openly pursued by ships flying the philanthrophic ensign of old England.

I was third mate of the clipper ship Nonesuch, lying at Macao roads, for the purpose of transporting seven hundred Chinese laborers to the distant shores of the ever faithful isle. We had been chartered by an opulent Englishman, who paid a liberal price for the use of the Nonesuch. By every conceivable means had the poor coolie been induced to take passage. Fair promises, a gigantic system of lies, fraud, and even force, had been resorted to in order to fill up the quota. Stupified with opium, under the subtle influence of samshoo, blinded by greed of gain, they sold themselves into the power of men, who consigned them to a long life of exile under the blazing sun and poisonous vapors of a West India climate.

Shouting and screaming, while others were downcast and sad, they filed over the side and down below, each man carrying all his earthly possessions in a small wooden box. Each one was subjected to a rigid examination in order to prevent the smuggling of opium and matches below, which was a danger to be greatly feared.

Reckless and careless of danger, suffering from pangs of remorse and homesickness, the unfortunate coolies too often seek to end their misery by involving all in one common ruin, and failing in that resort to all the different modes made use of by suicides.

Armed men, sailors with loaded muskets, and cutlasses ground sharp as razors, buckled around their waists, were kept constantly on watch at different portions of the ship. A vigilant lookout was at all times kept for fear of a revolt, or worse still—fire.

Every hour was filled with anxiety, even our dreams being haunted by visions of bloodshed and treachery, and we all breathed freer when the good ship spun the blue waters of the Indian ocean from her sharp cutwater. We were in the latitude of the Mauritius, and, worst of all, it was in the hurricane season.

One night, as by magic, the entire aspect of the heavens underwent a sudden and fearful change—all nature appeared to be hushed into a terrible, deceitful calm. So intense was the heat, that it was almost agony to breath, a suffocation unusual even to the climate we were in. From the deck below, rolling up like the distant mutter of breakers, came the groans and murmurs of the poor wretches who were forced to breathe the close, fetid atmosphere of the between decks. The murmurs soon increased to shouts and yells of agony, mingled with blows and a struggle for the open hatchway. Had we allowed them to come on deck our lives would have fallen a sacrifice to their insane rage. The order was passed to shorten sail, which for some time kept us busy, until the Nonesuch was stripped for the struggle which was apparent to all must come.

A hollow murmur, with here and there a wild thread of air stirring up the stagnant ocean, followed by the rumbling of distant thunder, gave evidence that the crisis was at hand. Louder and louder it roared, a black line came sweeping along the whole expanse of water, and the next instant the hurricane burst upon us with all its force, enveloping the ship in a cloud of seething foam.

The firmament was mantled with a darkness simply horrible from its intensity, and the sea, white as milk, boiled and frothed beneath the tremendous influence of the gale. You have no idea, gentlemen, at what a fearful speed the ship was forced through the raging ocean. We could not heave to, the Nonesuch would not obey her helm, and, figuratively, with the bit between her teeth, we flew before the hurricane, unable to better our condition. The floodgates of heaven were open, and the rain, under the influence of the wind, drove along in a horizontal direction instead of perpendicular. The seas broke over us, deluging the ship with water from the forecastle aft to the binnacle, and oftentimes, as the Nonesuch descended with a plunge, it was with such force that I thought she would break in two with the violence of the shock.

The cries of the coolies no longer greeted my ears, their voices were drowned in the howling of the gale, the violence of the rain, the rushing of the water about the deck, and the creaking and groaning of the timbers as the ship labored heavily.

We were drenched with water, and finally were compelled to cover the main hatch, leaving but a narrow aperture for breathing purposes. The wild ocean was constantly revealed by vivid flashes of lightning, of which words fail me to convey any adequate idea or description. The thunder roared, rolled, and reverberated above our heads like the artillery of the whole world united. If this is a hurricane of the Mauritius, God deliver me from ever experiencing another, was my half-uttered comment; but the worst was yet to come.

A flash of lightning burst upon us, followed by a peal of thunder, so heavy, that the timbers of the ship trembled with the vibration. A crash, a stream of fire, followed by a shock and a strong sulphurous smell, that pervaded the ship, convinced me that the Nonesuch had been struck by lightning. Cries of distress and affright rose from the between decks as the gale lulled, and with the next flash I glanced aloft. The wreck of the main topmast, black, charred and splintered, was visible, while the remains of the topgallant and royal-mast had disappeared.

The cry of fire was raised by some one of the crew, but it proved, upon examination, to be a false alarm, and the excitement soon subsided. The first fierce rush of the hurricane was over, but the sea, with resistless power, increased in magnitude as the wind abated. The Nonesuch was doing all that a gallant vessel could do under the circumstances. We would have hove to gladly, but were afraid to try it on account of the sea. Hour after hour passed on, with all hands standing by in readiness to carry out the manœuvre should a favorable opportunity present itself. With a heavy lunge, our craft would plunge her topgallant forecastle under, rising from the trough of the sea with an effort, and shaking the water from her like a huge Newfoundland dog.

Suddenly, without a moment's warning the ship struck heavily upon a sunken rock.

"Going down! Going down!" was heard all over the ship, and all discipline was immediately at an end.

Some of the men began hoisting out the boats in their mad excitement but not a man of them bestowed a thought upon the four hundred miserable wretches fastened and bolted down beneath the hatches. But I had no idea of leaving them to perish, and determined that the coolies should have an equal chance for their lives with the rest of us. Every officer carried a key to the door fitted in the iron frame-work which covered the main hatch, and it was but the work of a moment to throw it open. In an instant the coolies poured up from the hatchway, and I turned to look after my own interest and struggle for my life with the best of them.

With a second heavy shock, the ship drove higher upon the reef, and the masts, which had been started from their steps, fell crashing over the sides.

Enormous waves swept over us starting every timber and knee from its place, and stifled shrieks rang out above the roaring of the waters as many a poor fellow was swept from the wreck. The ship now parted amidships, the after portion sinking beneath the rapacious sea, but the forward part was strongly wedged between the rocks, and fortunately I had lashed myself to the break of the top gallant forecastle with the end of the jib downhaul.

Crowds of the coolies were huddled about me, clinging on the wreck with the strength of desperation. We were partially shielded from the waves which ran tremendously high, and every shock seemed as if death were sweeping away our last hope to claim the residue of his victims.

Daylight dawned at last, faint and indistinct, and with its appearance the gale lulled sensibly. As it grew lighter I found we had struck on a reef of rocks lying but a short distance from the mainland, which I knew at once must be the Mauritius. The captain must have been in error, as to the true position of the ship, but, of course, I had no means of knowing the real state of affairs.

Throughout the day the survivors wet, trembling from weakness and hunger, clung on, watching with eagerness the sea as it slowly sank to rest. The sun burst through the clouds with a cheerful flood of light, and before it had disappeared beneath the western horizon I had made up my mind to attempt the somewhat perilous undertaking of swimming for the land. I felt that I should never be able to survive another long, dreary night on the fragment of the wreck.

Lowering myself into the water, I struck out cautiously for the reef, avoiding the sharp rocks to the best of my ability. Clambering on to the reef, I rested for a moment and finally reached the main land very nigh exhausted.

The entire beach was strewn with fragments of the wreck, boxes and barrels containing provisions, and numerous bodies, victims of the hurricane.

The greater portion were coolies, but I recognized the body of the captain, mate and several of the crew of the unfortunate ship. The sea was now dotted with the heads of men struggling to reach the land, and so far as I was able I lent them a hand. I had the pleasure of assisting the second mate and seven of the crew to escape from a watery grave, who, with myself, were all that remained of the Nonesuch's crew. The coolies scrambled in squads up the beach leaving us to shift for ourselves.

Searching among the numerous articles washed up by the sea, I found a water-tight tin-box, containing lucifer matches, and we soon had a large, cheerful fire under way.

We were on the point of making preparations for supper, when the second mate called my attention to the threatening attitude of the coolies who had gathered in a body some distance down the beach, and with excited cries and gesticulations were pointing and motioning in our direction.

They had an ugly, menacing look that boded us no good, and alarmed at the turn affairs had taken, we hastily made such preparations for defence as lay in our power. A breastwork was thrown up from the numerous boxes, barrels, and bales lying within our reach, and with the bright fire enclosed in the centre, we waited with considerable apprehension the approach of the excited throng.

There was no chance for us to escape, the country, so far as we could judge, affording no cover for concealment. Snatching up a sharp-pointed fragment of a studdingsail boom, I resolved to do my best in case of a collision.

Whether the coolies considered us as the authors of their misery, and responsible for the dangers they had encountered, and had made up their minds to wreak a bloody vengeance upon us in retaliation for the sufferings they had undergone, are questions beyond my power to answer. I never could fathom their motives.

How many of their number had found watery graves I was unable to ascertain, but a formidable crowd had certainly survived the dangers of shipwreck, and armed with stones, sticks, and whatever they could find, the entire crowd were advancing upon us, encouraging one another with shouts and yells that struck me with an ill-defined sensation of dread.

It was impossible to temporize with them, and my heart sank at the prospect of falling a victim to their insane rage after undergoing what I had.

Rushing on they scaled the slight barricade, their dark bodies and swarthy features brought out in bold relief by the light of the fire. I struck wildly and furiously with my weapon, but in an instant it was wrested from me. Snatching a burning brand from the flames, I swept it around, forcing my assailants back, who formed a dense ring about me. Blows were showered like rain upon my bruised and aching body. I felt my strength giving way, fainting from exhaustion, when the clear, rich notes of a bugle rose and fell on the clear running air. A shout, a rush, followed by a gleam of bayonets, and we were saved.

A company of English soldiers stationed at Port Louis had been in the interior to suppress a rising among the blacks, and returning, arrived in time to save us from the misguided coolies.

We were taken to the city, where we drifted asunder to follow the fortunes of our calling. Whatever became of the coolies, I am unable to state, but after the experience I had, is it to be wondered that my hair has turned gray? Hazel, I'll trouble you for a pipe of tobacco, please."

Centennial Items.

IT is said that the cadets from West Point will be encamped near the Centennial buildings for a couple of months next year.

THE Japanese Commission now in this city are preparing to erect buildings for their use, and structures will shortly be commenced for Sweden and Morocco.

THERE will be ten horse car and fourteen steam car lines leading to the Exhibition, and by these means 144,000 persons will be enabled to arrive and depart every two hours.

A VERY pretty feature of the Exhibition will be small houses erected by the different States as their headquarters. Kansas has already ordered her plan, which is very neat.

AUSTRIA'S official requirement for space for the exhibition of the goods of that country was lately received by cable. It calls for nearly 32,000 square feet in the main building, and over 21,000 feet in the Art Gallery. This is an increase of one-third over the original reservation.

IT is proposed, should Congress hereafter furnish the means for it, to make the Centennial the occasion of a display of the living tribes of the North American aborigines, to consist of a family, or four or five individuals, of most of the principal races, male and female, and of different ages—perhaps twenty groups in all—who will be assigned a special reservation in the Philadelphia Park, and be established as nearly as possible in their natural surroundings, in the way of dwellings, household effects, articles of dress, etc. This, if it can be carried out, will be an extremely interesting display, but will require an appropriation from Congress for the purpose.

THE frigate Constitution, or "Old Ironsides," as she has been familiarly called, after having lain on the stocks at the Navy Yard for several years a dismantled and apparently rotten hulk, has, at last, by special order from the Navy Department, been placed in the hands of the carpenters, and is now undergoing repairs with a view, it is said, of being exhibited during the Centennial year. There is nothing remaining of the vessel except the bare hull, and workmen are now engaged in erecting the necessary staging in order to begin the work of replanking her ribs. It is the intention of the Government to have the original appearance of the vessel, both inside and outside, reproduced as nearly as possible.

THE cities and States named below have made the appropriations specified, either as contributions to the cost of the Exhibition, or towards the arrangement of collective displays of their own natural, agricultural, and other resources: Philadelphia, $1,575,000; Pennsylvania, $1,000,000; United States Government, $505,000; New Jersey, $110,000; Massachusetts, $50,000; New York, $25,000; Connecticut, $25,000; New Hampshire, $20,000; Nevada, $20,000; Ohio, $13,000; Delaware, $10,000; Wilmington, Del., $5,000; Illinois, $10,000; Michigan, $7,500; Arizona, $5,000; Arkansas, $5,000; Indiana, $5,000; Kansas, $5,000; Montana, $5,000; Colorado, $4,000; Wisconsin, $3,000; Oregon, $1,000; Minnesota, $500. There are other States than those above-named—Nebraska, Tennessee, Iowa, Oregon, Rhode Island, California, for instance—in which the work of representation has been undertaken by duly qualified boards, which are likely to make as creditable displays as those which have been officially endowed.

Personal Items.

DARWIN'S income is $20,000 a year.

GOVERNOR CURTIN has gone to Saratoga.

GENERAL BADEAU will probably be made minister to Belgium.

THE Emperor of Germany is the guest of the Emperor of Austria.

VICE-PRESIDENT WILSON is stopping at Congress Hall, Saratoga.

IT is reported that there is no change in Mrs. Lincoln's condition.

THE Sultan of Zanzibar left London for the Continent on the 15th inst.

BRET HARTE is writing "that play" again—this time for Stuart Robson.

OLIVE LOGAN has seen the Sartoris baby, and she says it is a sweet cherub.

GOVERNOR HARTRANFT has been drinking the water at Bedford Springs.

A. T. STEWART'S cash expenditures in Saratoga during the last eight months amount to over $310,000.

ISAAC MERRITT SINGER, the inventor of the Singer Sewing Machine, died in London on the 23d of July.

SIR EDWIN WATKINS of London has accepted the chairmanship of the British Committee of Erie bondholders.

GENERAL MCCLELLAN, who has been spending the winter upon the Upper Nile, will return home this month.

JOAQUIN MILLER is at Newburyport, Massachusetts, where he has finished a poem on the National Centennial.

PROBABLY the wealthiest journalist in America is Mr. A. S. Abel of the Baltimore *Sun*, whose property is estimated at from $7,000,000 to $10,000,000.

LORD WALTER CAMPBELL, son of the Duke of Argyle, has been admitted as junior partner into the firm of Helbert, Wagg & Co. of the London Stock Exchange.

DR. JOHN LORD, the distinguished lecturer and historian, is at the Narragansett House, Watch Hill, having rented for the summer his beautiful residence at Stamford, Connecticut.

QUEEN VICTORIA has placed at the disposal of Mrs. Kingsley, the widow of the late Canon Kingsley, the first suite of apartments that may become vacant in Hampton Court Palace.

KING KALAKAUA has distinguished himself as a fireman. At the recent burning of the New York ship Emerald, at Honolulu, he turned out on the tap of the alarm bell, and worked with the fire brigade from four in the morning until noon.

AN awful calamity hangs over England. His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, commander of the army, threatens to resign. It is queer that in peace dukes are always made commanders over there, and in war commanders are made dukes.

JENNIE JUNE (Mrs. Croly) is writing from the White Mountains and Olive Logan from Long Branch, both to the Baltimore *American*. Olive says that one of the brightest belles at the Branch has gone insane, and is barricaded in her room, but does not name the fair unfortunate.

DORINDA.

BY F. S. MILLS.

There was once a Prince to be married. He was handsome, brave, and good, and ruled over a splendid kingdom. But the custom of his country prevented him from going to court a bride. His bride must come to him. Many beautiful Princesses traveled to his court; but they all came away again, and still he remained unmarried.

There was something very mysterious in all this. The beautiful ladies, who had visited him, would always pout and turn red when their journey was mentioned. It was whispered that the Prince practised magic, and that he found some fault with all these ladies. Nobody quite knew what, which made the matter all the more interesting.

The Princess Dorinda was very much interested. She heard the gossip, and wondered why these ladies had failed. She was sure that the Prince could find no fault with her; and she made up her mind to go and see him. No sooner had she decided to go than she found herself in a violent hurry to depart at once. All the milliners and dress-makers in the kingdom were commanded to work night and day that she might get away as soon as possible, and a hundred young ladies were ordered to get ready to accompany her.

So in the course of time, the Princess was made ready, and the procession started. There was a broad road leading from the kingdom to that of the Prince, and she found no difficulty in journeying over it; and when they had reached the city, a herald came out to meet her.

"Fairest Princess," said the herald, "my master, the Prince, is much distressed that the custom of his country will not allow him to meet so lovely a guest outside his palace; but he bids me say that he is all impatience to meet you at the gate."

"I knew," said the Princess, "that I should be treated in this courteous manner. Come, now, and braid my hair."

But when they had braided her hair she was not satisfied.

"One would think I was bald," she said.

"There is no more hair in the box," said her maid, "and there is none here to buy."

"Cut off your own," commanded the Princess. "It is nearly the color of mine. Cut it off, I say!"

The poor girl was very unwilling, as may be supposed; but she dared not disobey her tyrannical mistress; and, with eyes full of tears, she cut off her beautiful golden hair, and braided it in with that of the Princess. They then painted her cheeks, and brought her white satin dress, and she really looked lovely.

"What can he ask prettier than I?" demanded the Princess, eyeing herself in the glass with delight, while her maid whispered:

"Who could suppose she had such a temper?"

Just then they heard music outside. The procession was waiting to escort the Princess into the palace. She stepped down with the air of a queen, holding her head very high, and her long satin train flowing out behind her.

All her own people looked at her with astonishment. They could not have believed that paint and good humor could do so much for their Princess. On the other side, the Prince's Prime Minister advanced to meet her. He bowed low before her, and addressed her in the most polite manner; but his eyes looked so full of mischief, that the Princess did not like him.

"When I am Queen," she said to herself, "I will turn the old man out. I can't bear to look at him."

And indeed she felt herself very uncomfortable. She marched before, and the procession followed after, as if she were already Queen; but she fancied that she heard now and then a giggle, and that they were giggling at her. She tossed her head, and grew red, and had almost a mind to turn back, when she saw the Prince coming down a golden step.

He was very handsome, as all the people said. He gave her his hand with such grace, that she felt sure of him already. She tossed her head, and she smiled, and was already thinking how the news of her success would be talked about at home, when the Prince led her before a large mirror, in which she could see herself from head to foot. The Princess looked and started back. Her white satin dress was covered with black spots. Her head was bald, and all the false hair on it trailed after her. The paint was still on her face; but her own skin showed under it, yellow and freckled. There was an ugly scowl on her forehead, and her eyes looked small, and mean, and spiteful; the whole effect being made more ridiculous by the proud and satisfied air with which she was advancing.

"Who is this frightful creature?" she demanded, haughtily, as soon as she could regain her speech.

"This, madam," answered the Prince, "is the Mirror of Truth; and whatever figure you may see there, be sure it is yourself as you are."

"Me!" screamed the Princess, and went into hysterics. Her maids carried her back to her tent, and a dreadful time they had of it. She pinched them, and pulled their hair as often as they came near her, and divided all the hard names in her dictionary between them and the Prince, after which she traveled home again; and when anybody asked her about the Prince, said, loftily, "He! Oh, I dare say he is well enough; but then I am particular in my choice! He would never do for me!"

At which her ladies laugh and wink; for the truth of the matter is as I tell you.

FORCE OF CONTRACT.—"How muddy the water is!" said some little Fish.

"Most disagreeable!" said some others. "How can you look so happy in it, wriggling about?" they all cried to some Eels that were disporting themselves with great satisfaction.

"Friends," replied the Eels, "you call the water muddy, but we have just come from the bottom, where there is nothing but mud; therefore to us it seems to be quite clear."

CAST UP BY THE SEA!

By MRS. HENRY WOOD,
Author of "East Lynne," etc., etc.

[This serial was commenced in No. 46, Vol. 54. Back numbers can be obtained from all newsdealers throughout the United States, or direct from this office.]

CHAPTER XVIII.

A BATTLE royal—A WOOD.

Mr. Lydney walked down the street slowly, his brain working. The inspector's information of having searched the castle by Lord Dane's orders, astonished him much; and he began to ask himself whether he was justified in assuming that Lord Dane had been the wilful delinquent. The train of thought led him to glance at the others connected with the affair, especially young Shad. Could it be that that young gentleman had succeeded in blinding him, and was he the real thief? or the assistant of the thieves? Verily he began to doubt it.

Somewhat impulsive in what he did, he determined on the instant to seek out Shad, and question him again. A glance too cunning, or a word too sharp, might betray Shad's share in it. He was not quite sure of the road that would conduct him to Granny Bean's, but believed it was the one that skirted the wood, leading past the cottage of Wilfred Lester, and he took it.

"I believe now I ought to have turned down by Miss Bordillion's," he soliloquized, as he arrived opposite Wilfred's residence, and halted. "Suppose I ask?"

Opening the gate, he walked up the little garden, where something occurred that startled him considerably. The door was stealthily unlatched, and he was pounced upon by a tall female, and dragged towards the dark passage.

"Thanks be to the stars that you're come!" apostrophized she, in a covert whisper. "Now it's of no use your being angry and struggling to get off. I've had you in my arms when you were a baby, and I know what's right and what's wrong. There's a whisper abroad that the poachers are out to-night, and if the keepers have got an inkling of it, there'll be a conflict. You shan't go, then, master; you are killing your wife outright—sooner a deal than she'd go of her own natural ailments, for she is beginning to suspect, and lies in dread. Have you no pity for her, Mr. Wilfred? Come in, and let me bar the door, and then you, at any rate, will be in safety."

"My good woman," he exclaimed, as soon as he had breath to speak, for she had held him in a tight grip, "for whom do you take me? I am Mr. Lydney. Is your master at home?"

The servant fell against the wall like one turned stupid, and he had to repeat his question.

"I'm just a fool and nothing else!" cried she, speaking in a light tone, to cover, Lydney thought, her agitation. "I was expecting a friend to call upon me, and thought it was him; and I'm sure I ask your pardon, sir. Master? no, sir; I don't think he is in."

"Never mind; I merely troubled his house to ask a question. Which way will take me to the hut of Granny Bean?"

"Straight on, sir, to the right. When you come to the triangle, turn down the field, and you'll see it—a little low cottage, all by itself, at the back of the wood. Once again, sir, I beg your pardon, and I hope you'll never talk about the mistake, or what I said or did?"

"Not I," laughed Mr. Lydney. "Make my compliments to your master."

So he had been on the right road, after all; and a few minutes brought him to Granny Bean's cottage. It appeared to be closely shut up, and he might have imagined its inmates, Granny and Shad, had retired to rest, but for the commotion that was taking place within. Now rose an old woman's voice in shrill shrieks of rage; now Shad's in shriller whines. Mr. Lydney knocked on the door and on the shutters, but little chance was there of his being heard while the noise lasted.

"You infamous young dog," raved she, with a profuse sprinkling of worse language, which the reader may imagine if he pleases, but which certainly will not be transcribed; "to go and rob your old granny of her hard-earned savings! You'll come to the gallows, you will."

"'Taint yourn," returned Shad, his denial intermixed with similar embellishments of speech. "The new gemman give it me for telling him about the box, and I'll take my oath to it. Come, you! hand it over."

"Oh, you wicked sarpint! as if any gemman 'ud go and give *you* a whole silver sixpence! Now, will you be off? You ought to have been on the watch a good half hour ago."

"No, I won't," said Shad's voice. "I won't go on the watch, and I won't stir anywheres till I gets my sixpence."

The old woman appeared to be beating him, or he her, by the scuffling sound and the shrieks. "I'll tell Miss Tiffle! I'll tell Miss Tiffle!" the old voice reiterated.

"Miss Tiffle may be hanged, and you with her!" gasped Shad, as the commotion grew worse and worse. Mr. Lydney had no doubt they were fighting and struggling for possession of the sixpence. He feared some injury might be done, and he gave a thundering peal at the shutters, enough to awaken their alarm, just as a loud shout of triumph from Shad seemed to proclaim that victory and the sixpence had declared themselves for him.

Total silence supervened: the knock had startled them. Mr. Lydney thundered again. But still he remained unanswered. He could hear some stealthy movements inside, accompanied by the hasty shutting of a door, and he knocked once more, louder than ever.

It brought forth the head of the woman to a window on the right. The cottage had two rooms, both on the ground floor, a window in each. She opened the shutters and thrust her face through the aperture, reconnoitering—a red and wrinkled face, surmounted by a cap in tatters, probably (the tatters) the result of the recent conflict, the whole shaking as if suffering from palsy.

"Have you been committing murder here?" demanded Mr. Lydney.

"I was a saying of my prayers out loud, if that's murder," returned the dame. "What now? what do you mean?"

The bold assertion took away his self-possession for a moment. Where was the profit of bandying words with such a woman? "I want Shad," he resumed.

"Shad! I can't go for to disturb him from his rest to-night. Shad's abed and asleep."

"Why, you audacious old creature!" he could not help exclaiming. "I wonder you don't fear a judgment for falsehoods so deliberate. You and Shad have just been at it, tooth and nail, fighting after a sixpence. Let me tell you the sixpence is his, for I gave it him."

"Now, did you, indeed, sir?" was the bland answer, the tone changing as if by magic; "what a dear, good, generous gentleman you must be! You haven't got another about you, to bestow in charity upon a poor, lone, wretched half starved widder, have you? I'd remember you in my prayers ever after, I would."

"If I had fifty, I would not give you the shadow of one; and I don't imagine your prayers will do yourself much good, let alone anybody else. I want Shad, I say."

"Oh, sir, dear, sir, you are a joking; perhaps another time you'll remember me. I'd be everlasting grateful, if it was only a few poor coppers."

"Do you hear me ask for Shad?" interrupted Mr. Lydney. "Send him out to me; or open the door that I may get to him."

"Shad's abed and asleep, which I'll swear to, and I daredn't break into his night's rest," was the impudent answer. "A delicate child, as he is, and the stay and staff o' my life—if I was to lose him I should die of grief. Come any time in the morning, sir, when his night's rest is over, and you're welcome. I tucked him up, the darling, a hour ago in his little bed, and a sweet sleep he dropped off into."

"Of all the extraordinary characters, I think you must be the worst!" uttered Mr. Lydney. "Shad is no more in bed than I am. I heard your conflict, I tell you. These false assertions sound perfectly awful from a woman at your time of life."

"Strange noises is heard outside this hut, at times—folks have said so afore. It's the witches a playing in the air, I fancy; and it's them you must have heard—unless it was meself at my prayers."

"Will you send out Shad?"

"I'm sure I'd obleege you in any ways but that, such a nice gentleman as you seem to be; but I wouldn't wake up my poor, sickly grandchild for anything—no, not if you offered me fifty sixpences."

Giving a good-night to Granny Bean, more emphatic than polite, Mr. Lydney strode away. He must put off seeing Shad till the morning. He did not return to the road, but went to the back of the cottage, where he believed he should find a path leading through the wood, and that would be the nearest way to the Sailor's Rest. Curiosity induced him to turn round and look at the cottage, and there he saw a door; so Master Shad and his granny had ingress and egress by back and by front.

Pursuing the path, which was there as he had expected, Mr. Lydney sped on with a smart step, buried in thought. It was a starlight night; though few stars penetrated to the wood-path; nevertheless, it was not wholly dark. He had arrived at about the midst of the wood, where the trees were thickest, when a sound, as of one pushing through the thick brambles, caught his ear. Having been told that certain suspicious characters did sometimes lurk in that wood, Mr. Lydney drew close to the trees, to see who might be approaching.

It was Wilfred Lester. Panting, eager, excited, he came tearing on, at a right angle with Lydney, where no path seemed to be. He crossed the path by a bound, penetrated the trees on its opposite side, and went pushing on, as though he were making straight for home, and clearing a way to get to it.

Mr. Lydney remained immovable. Not looking after him, for the trees prevented that, but wondering what his appearance could mean. That Wilfred was in excessive agitation was apparent, and involuntarily certain mysterious words, spoken by the servant when she had so unceremoniously made a prisoner of him, rose to the recollection of Mr. Lydney. He was, as the saying runs, "putting this and that together," and by no means liking the appearance of things, when another movement, one far more stealthy, attracted his attention.

Stealing out into the path in the trail left by Wilfred Lester, came Mr. Shad, like a young hound scenting its prey. Once in the path, he made a dead stoppage, unconscious that any eye or ear was near him.

"He's tored home to his lair," soliloquized he, aloud, looking at the spot where Wilfred Lester had disappeared. "No good to track him again to-night. I'll go and tell her now."

Mr. Lydney had stretched out his hand to lay it on the boy, but a second impulse prompted him to hesitate. Far better, himself, track this erratic gentleman, and discover if possible, what treason was being hatched. That some plot was agate against Wilfred Lester, and probably against others, Mr. Lydney felt convinced. He also felt pretty nearly convinced of another thing: that Wilfred was hatching enough mischief, of his own accord, against himself; but that was no reason why Shad should augment it into more.

"If you don't say who you are, and what you are doing here, I'll shoot you," exclaimed the stranger.

Shad flew along the path, in the direction opposite to Granny Bean's and when near the end of the wood struck among the trees to the right; a minute or two brought him to the wood's edge, and close to the back of Squire Lester's. Mr. Lydney followed him: tall and slender, he could penetrate the trees as well as Shad, and when Shad stopped he stopped.

Shad was in his favorite attitude, twined, just like a snake, round one of the outer tree's thin stem, gazing in expectation at the open space before him. Mr. Lydney halted sufficiently near to see and hear: he wondered who the "her" was to whom Shad was bound. Having had experience by this time of the insatiable nature of Madam Ravensbird's curiosity, a half suspicion crossed his mind that she might be the audience expected by Shad. Not so, however.

A female of stealthy and ambling gait, not unlike Shad's own, appeared, somewhat mysteriously, in that open space. She could not have sprung from the ground, like the spirits do in pantomimes, therefore it was fair to infer that she had emerged from some back-door of Squire Lester's. Shad gave a soft whistle, and the lady came tripping up to it. It was Tiffie.

"Well?" cried she.

"He's agone right home," answered Shad. "When I got up to 'em, they was a having hot words, him and Beecher and Drake, and another; I thought it were Ben Nicholson, but I wouldn't swear it. He was a blowing of 'em up——"

"Ben Nicholson was blowing 'em up?" interrupted Tiffie.

"How stupid you be!" snapped Shad. "Lester. He was a blowing the three men up for wanting to go right where they know'd the keepers 'ud be, and he got in a passion, a swearing he wouldn't jine in nothing that might bring bloodshed, and back he went, a cutting right through the thick of the bushes. I followed after him till he cut over the crosspath, our'n, and into the bushes ayond it. I know'd then that gone home he was for sartin. I say, where'll be the pull o' my dodging him, if he's a going to take to shirking?"

Tiffie had listened in silence.

"How did they ferret out where the keepers would be?" asked she.

"Can't tell," said Shad. "I only got up at the tail o' their confab. I didn't hear nothing of what they'd been a saying afore."

"Then you were late; and a wicked, inattentive, good-for-nothing——"

Shad began to whimper.

"If I was late, it were granny's fault, Mrs Tiffie. She set on me and a'most killed me. You should be hid in the oven or somewhere, and see her in her tantrums, you'd not believe it was anything but Old Nick's mother let loose. Look here! here's where she bited me, and here's where she kicked at me, and here's where she scratted me, and clutches of my hair she tored out by han'fuls."

Shad exhibited various damaged spots about his face and arms, and let fall a shower of dolorous tears. Tiffie—somewhat to the surprise of Mr. Lydney, who had recognized her for Lady Adelaide's maid—was remarkably demonstrative in her condolences. She grasped Shad tenderly in her arms, and kissed the places fervently with her own lips.

"Granny's a regular hyenia when she's put up," cried she. "But I'll be even with her. What did she do it for?"

"She have got the nastiest, slyest ways," returned Shad, who appeared not to relish the embrace so much as Tiffie did, and wriggled himself from it as soon as he possibly could. "She dives into my pockets and into anything, she do, and to-night she found a sixpence in 'em, and she set on and swored it were hern, and that I robbed her on't, and she grabbed it from me, and—my! warn't there a shindy! and such a row came to the shutters amid it. I grabbed it again, though," concluded the gentleman, with glee, as he took out the bright sixpence and exhibited it to Tiffie.

Tiffie did not look at it with equanimity. She took the same view of its possession that Granny Bean had done—though whether granny had really believed that it was stolen from her, or that she put forth the plea to gain possession of it, cannot be told.

"You little divil!" apostrophized Tiffie, her affectionate mood changing. "If you begin to bone money, you'll end your days a working in gangs and irons. Now you tell me where you stole that?"

"If ever I see the like! You're as bad as granny," whined the boy. "I might as well be a dog what's mad, and roped up at once! That there sixpence was given me by a gemman; gived out and out."

"Give for what?" sharply responded Tiffie.

"Give for telling about his box. It's that one what's stopping at the Sailor's Rest. He asked, did I see the things took up to the castle gates, and I said I see 'em; and then he said if I'd tell him the truth and no lie, whether the box went into the castle or not, I should get a sixpence, and I did, and he give it to me."

"Did you see the box took in?" quickly asked Tiffie.

"What should ail me?" responded Shad. "I were a watching."

"And it was took right in?"

"It was took right in," answered Shad, his eyes glistening, "as right in as ever anything was took into that castle yet. Them two miller's chaps carried of it, like they did t'other lots, and that big Mr. Bruff a follered of 'em. Not as he seemed to be taking much heed hisself. I telled the gentleman this, and he give me the sixpence."

"Shad, you must keep your eyes upon him—that Lydney, as well as upon Will Lester," was Tiffie's next remark. "Ferret out all about him, where he goes, and what he does. He's in this wood sometimes, I know. Find out what for. He looks like a gentlemin, but he may be one of them gentlemin what comes to places to be after watches, and chains, and rings. You find out. I've got my reasons. And be sure, mark it if you see him with Miss Lester."

Mr. Lydney, from his hiding-place, felt infinitely obliged to her.

"And now there's no more to be done to-night, as he has hooded it off home," proceeded the refined Tiffie. "So you get back again as quick as you can, and get to bed."

She turned away towards the hall; Shad turned towards the path that would lead him to Granny Bean's; and Mr. Lydney remained where he was till the echo of their footsteps should die away.

Scarcely had Tiffie gone many yards, however, when she met Lord Dane in the angle made by the side of the hall. To the right was the back entrance; to the left, the front. Tiffie was speeding on to the former; Lord Dane was coming from the latter, and they came in contact.

"Is it you, Tiffie?" cried his lordship, gayly. "Enjoying a ramble by starlight?"

"Oh, my lord, you are pleased to joke," simpered Tiffie. "My days for starlighted rambles is over. I leave 'em for the young now, my lord. I've had my turn. Last night I see Miss Lester waking cosy in the starlight—the evening star was out, at any rate, if it wasn't late enough for the others—and I thought how romintic it was. It put me in mind of my own sentamintel days, my lord. There was a gentlemin by her side—him that the wreck cast up."

Had it been daylight, instead of starlight, Tiffie would scarcely have presumed to fix her eyes so keenly upon Lord Dane. She believed she had thrown out a shaft that would take.

"Wrecks cast up rogues as well as gentlemen," responded his lordship, in a stern, displeased tone. "A man whom nobody knows is scarcely one to be walking by starlight with Miss Lester."

"Just the very reflection that occurred to myself, my lord," acquiesced Tiffie, complacently. "And says I to myself, 'I'll keep a sharp lookout over you, young man, for Miss Lester's sake, if you presumes to approach too near of her.' And so I shall, my lord."

"Quite right, Tiffie," cried his lordship, warmly.

And, as they parted company, a golden sovereign was left in Tiffie's hand.

This appeared to be a night prolific in adventures and encounters. Before Mr. Lydney had well removed from his hiding-place, he found himself face to face with a man—a youngish man—who was dragging himself covertly through the wood. He appeared alarmingly startled at the encounter, and leveled his gun at Mr. Lydney.

"Hallos, my man, what's that for?" cried the latter, unmoved. "Do you take me for a cut-throat?"

"If you don't say who you are, and what you are doing here, I'll shoot you," exclaimed the stranger.

"I feel infinitely obliged to you. Have you any more right to be in the wood than I have? I should be glad to know."

Mr. Lydney spoke with courtesy; and the man could not fail to remark that his voice was that of a gentleman. He had feared a keeper.

"You were posted there to watch me," he exclaimed.

"Nay," said Mr. Lydney, "I may with equal reason reverse the accusation, and say you were watching me. I don't know who you are; I never saw you in my life that I know of; and my time is more valuable than to be wasted in looking after strangers, if yours is not. You must have escaped from a lunatic asylum."

The man let fall his gun. He had been peering at Mr. Lydney as well as the obscurity around allowed him, and at last made out that he was not a foe—at all events, not a known one.

"I ask your pardon for my haste," he said; "I thought you were somebody else. The fact is, nobody but suspicious characters are ever prowling in the wood so late as this, unless it's them dratted keepers, who are ever ready to swear an innocent man's life away."

Mr. Lydney laughed. Young-man-like, he had no objection to a spice of adventure, and he was naturally of a kindly, affable disposition; if he could do no good to a fellow-creature, he would not do him harm.

"Are you aware of the insinuation against yourself which that last speech implied? 'Nobody but suspicious characters.' I conclude you mean poachers; poachers and keepers. Well, I am neither the one nor the other. If you choose to beat about this wood, or any other part of Daneshold, from January till December, carrying a gun in one hand and snare nets in the other, you are welcome, for all the business it is of mine. Were they my preserves, it would be a different matter."

"You won't go and say to-morrow that you dropped upon me here with a gun?"

"I should be clever to say it, seeing I know you neither by sight nor name. But if you prefer a specific promise, you may take it. Life is short enough, my man, for the little good we can accomplish, without passing it in doing gratuitous injury to others."

The man liked the tones, and liked the words. He could not account for it, but his heart opened to the speaker as it had not opened of late years.

"I think, sir, you are the gentleman stopping at the Sailor's Rest, whose box is missing."

"The same," replied Mr. Lydney.

"I nearly got into trouble over that box yesterday. I happened to be passing the castle on my way to my home, as the cart was unloading, and I halted for a few minutes, and looked on. Them keen police heard of it, and had me up to the station; whether they thought I had walked it off, I don't know. I laughed at 'em. Young Shad and two or three more urchins could testify that I didn't go near enough to touch anything on the cart."

"You must have heard the box described," rejoined Mr. Lydney. "Did you see it?"

"I did not see it, sir, to my knowledge or recollection. But if, as I hear, it was underneath the rest of the things, I was not likely to. I stopped but a few minutes, and they had just begun to unload."

"You cannot give a guess as to where it is gone, or who took it?" resumed Mr. Lydney, a thought occurring to him.

"No, that I can't. I have not thought much about it. That Shad's as ready-fingered as a magpie, but they say it was too heavy for him to lift."

"I would give a good reward if it were restored to me, untampered with," resumed Mr. Lydney.

"Would you, though?" quickly rejoined the poacher, as if the sound were music to his ears.

"Fifty guineas."

"Fifty guineas!" uttered the man, as much astonished as the inspector had been.

"Fifty guineas, and no questions asked. Provided it were restored to me before midday to-morrow. After that a different offer may be made, *and* questions asked, pretty sharp ones."

"By jingo! that's worth looking after," exclaimed the man. "I know a fellow or two, who *have* done a little in the fingering line, sir, and I'll—I'll be on to them. If I can hear of the box you shall have it on those terms. Honor bright, though."

"Honor bright, on the word of a gentleman. The fifty guineas shall be paid, and no inquiries made. I fancied you might perhaps hear of it among your friends."

Little cared Mr. Ben Beecher—for it was no other—for the last delicate insinuation: indeed, it may be questioned if he heard it. A golden vision had been opened to him, and in that he was absorbed.

But the two, so strangely met, were not to part without observation. Lord Dane, in walking away from his conference with Tiffie, heard the sound of voices, and began to peer about him for the purpose of ascertaining who their owners might be. His lordship's thoughts were directed to poachers.

He saw Mr. Ben Beecher, the latter passing out of the wood close to Lord Dane. But no sooner had he passed out than he passed in again, penetrating to Lydney.

"I'm afraid it's of no use saying to-morrow at midday, sir; there'll not be sufficient time for what I shall want to do, and the people I must see. Say twenty-four hours from this, and I have little doubt I can hear of it, and bring it. I would meet you here, too, by ourselves; I'd rather not go to the Sailor's Rest."

"Very well," replied Mr. Lydney, after considering, "I will give you the extra time. In this same spot," he added, after a pause; "to-morrow night at the same time."

Now the last sentence, only the last, appointing the meeting, reached the ears of Lord Dane, for Lydney raised his voice that it might catch Beecher's ear, who was again departing.

"Who can the speaker be?" thought Lord Dane: "the voice does not seem unfamiliar. I'll be down upon you, my gentlemen, to-morrow night."

Lydney! His lordship stared with all his eyes as Lydney came forth to view, and walked away.

"Then he *is* a bad character, and a poacher to boot!" muttered Lord Dane.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE WRIT.

Brightly rose the sun on the following morning; brightly, as the day went on, did it throw its rays into the little sitting-room of Wilfred Lester. On the sofa lay Edith: she did not keep her bed, but was in the habit of getting up after breakfast. Wilfred sat on the arm of the sofa, making some flies for fishing.

A fair, fragile being, almost a child, looked she, as she lay there: her features attenuated, her cheeks hectic. She wore a white wrapping-gown, which possibly made her appear more of an invalid than any other dress would. She was anxious to say something to her husband, but the topic was one of dread and agitation, and she trembled to set about it.

"Wilfred," she exclaimed at length, dashing hurriedly into the subject, "where was it that you went last night?"

"Went?" he returned, bending his head over the flies, "Nowhere in particular. I was out and about, talking to one, talking to another."

"So you always say," resumed Edith, in a low tone. "Why will you not tell me the truth?"

"You are not jealous, are you?" was his next remark, with an air of pleasantry.

She raised herself, and seizing his hand, drew him towards her, speaking in a nervous whisper.

"Oh, Wilfred, my husband, do not try to joke it away, but answer me. Is it true what people say? They declare that you go out with the poachers; that you are learning to do as they do."

"Stop a bit," he interrupted. "Who told you that, Edith? Because if any man were base enough to bring to a wife such tales of a husband, I'll mark him, as sure as my name's Lester. If a woman, I'll tell her what she is."

"Is it true, Wilfred?"

"I ask who brought you the news?" he reiterated. "Before I answer your question you must answer mine."

"No one brought it to me, in the sense you would imply," she rejoined. "It was—let me see—the day before yesterday. I had come down here, and Sarah did not know it; the door was ajar, and I heard some one accost her at the kitchen-window. She was ironing at the board underneath it, and I suppose had got it open. I don't know who it was, Wilfred; I cannot detail to you what I heard; neither did I listen purposely, but some words caught my ear. They turned me sick, faint; they were to the effect that you went out at night with the poachers, that you had been one of them in that late attack upon Cattley; the words and the tone seemed to insinuate that Sarah must know it to be true. Oh, Wilfred, I have felt since that morning that I would rather die than bear the burden of the fear."

"Would it not have been as easy for you to assume the wicked tale to be false?" he inquired.

"I might have deemed it false, but for Sarah's words in answer; I am sure I should have thought it too dreadfully improbable to be true. But she——"

"Why! did she uphold it?" he interrupted with impetuosity.

"No; she denied it," answered Edith, in a low, shuddering tone; "but she denied it with falsehoods; denied it too eagerly. She retorted that whoever said it, must be fools and liars; she vowed and protested that her master—you—was never out after sunset. Now you know, Wilfred, it is after sunset—after dark in fact—that you do go out; and some nights you have not been home till early morning. Besides, there was a tone of fear in Sarah's voice as she spoke, giving me the impression that she knew it to be true."

"And that's all?" he asked.

"Is it not enough?"

"No; you must not be so silly. Making me into a poacher, indeed! a midnight attacker of keepers! You have certainly an exalted opinion of your husband, Edith. I would no more attack a keeper than I would attack you."

"But where is it you go to when you are out at night?"

"Never you mind where, Edith. I am not attacking keepers. If I get into any troublesome escapades, it will serve my father right. I don't mean escapades that the law could touch, you foolish girl," he added hastily, seeing her terrified countenance. "Pray have you been gossiping over this to Sarah?"

Edith shook her head.

"I have not hinted to her that I heard anything said, but I have asked her where you go to at night—I could not help it. I asked her two or three times yesterday, and she pretended to think I was afraid of your catching cold, and kept telling me not to worry myself."

"Edith," said Wilfred Lester, "a man is generally driven to good or to evil by circumstances. As they may be favorable, or the contrary, as the world uses him, so follow his own acts."

"As his conduct is, so will his circumstances be," she said, stopping what he was about to add. "Yes, Wilfred, it lies with himself to be prosperous and happy, or not; in nine cases out of ten, you will find that as a man plants, so will he reap."

"Nonsense!" returned Wilfred, "it is as he's used. Look at my case. I am used infamously by my father—kept out of what I ought to enjoy on the one hand; on the other, I have you, whom I have made my wife, and vowed to succor and cherish, dying of want—yes, of want, Edith—before my eyes. My darling! if I went into the highway, and robbed the first man I met, none could say I was not driven to it."

"Don't think of me," she answered, with eager, painful emotion, her wan, white face lifted pleadingly to his. "I shall grow stronger soon; I do not require any thing more than I have. If you will only be patient and endure, this dark cloud will pass away. Have faith in God. But, oh, Wilfred! do not let my imaginary wants lead you to evil."

"Imaginary!" he uttered.

"Indeed, I think I shall soon be better; and you know my Aunt Margaret brings me many things. Wilfred, remember—'we must not do evil that good may come.'"

"My wrongs make me desperate; your suffering makes me desperate," retorted Wilfred. But she interrupted him.

"It is just this, Wilfred: if you do wrong, or go wrong, you will kill me. I can bear poverty and privation; I cannot bear disgrace and ill-doing. Act so as to bring it upon us, and I shall not survive."

At this juncture, Sarah put in her head; half spoke, half beckoned to her master, and he followed her to the adjoining room, the kitchen. Edith, her fears, since the last two days, painfully alert against some obscure dread, to which she could give neither shape nor name, sprang from the sofa and unlatched the door, which they had closed.

Sarah had advanced to the ironing-board, and pointed to some beans that lay upon it.

"What's to be done for missis?" asked she. "She can't eat these, and they are every thing I have been able to get to-day. Credit's all gone, master."

"There's a partridge in the house."

"Well, master, the truth is, she can't eat partridge any longer. She never liked 'em. When at Miss Bordillion's, as I hear, if they had game for dinner, something was always got for her. There are some folks who turn against game, and she's one; and when they are sick, their fancies are all the stronger. And for this last month, pretty near, she has had nothing else. I have tried the partridges every way to tempt her; I've roasted 'em, I've boiled 'em, I've fricasseed 'em, I've fried 'em, and one day I chopped 'em up and made 'em into balls, but it didn't do; it was partridge, and that was enough. She makes a show of eating a bit before you; but her stomach heaves right against 'em now, and she can't pretend any longer."

Wilfred Lester stood by the board, gloomy and perplexed. He knew no way whatever of procuring any thing else for Edith: as Sarah observed, all credit was gone. If a mutton-chop would have saved her life, he must pay the butcher for it before it was sent home.

"Can't you do up some eggs for to-day?" he asked.

"I could if I had 'em. Eggs are no more to be had than any thing else, without money. And there's another thing, master, that looks blue: the coals are almost out."

Inexpressibly relieved to find the colloquy with Sarah related to no more dread topic than her comforts, Edith breathed a silent thanksgiving, and called to her husband. It was at this moment her voice was heard.

"Wilfred."

He stepped into the parlor. She was standing in it with a bright, quite a merry face.

"Do not be so anxious about my luxuries," smiled she. "I overheard your debate with Sarah. I was alarmed when she called you out—mysteriously, as I thought—and I opened the door. I can eat some of the beans; I can, indeed; I shall do very well. As to the partridges—well, I confess that I am tired of them; but you must treat me as a capricious child is served; make me go without, if I cannot eat what is provided."

"And will that be the way to get up your strength? to restore you to health?" he mournfully returned. "Whilst the grass grows, Edith, the steed starves; whilst you are starving, I may lose you."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE WARNING.

There are many stories told of the outrages perpetrated by the brigands of Southern Italy, but here is one which has the additional interest of being true. A few years ago, an Englishman, engaged in the superintendence of some mines belonging to the late Duke of Parma, was informed one morning by his servant that a man wished to see him, who declined mentioning his business to any one but himself. Being much engaged at the moment, he felt half unwilling to admit him, but, at last, decided to do so. The Italian stated that he was in possession of information that would probably save him from being robbed, if not murdered, but that, before disclosing it, he required to be paid a certain sum, which he named. This proposition was at once declined, but Mr. M. told him he would give him some trifling gratuity, and if in the end his suspicions turned out to be well founded, and his story proved to be correct, he should be rewarded liberally. To this the man assented, adding:

"You are an Englishman, and I can trust your word; and now listen, and judge whether I speak truly. You propose to visit the mines on the 8th of this month. You have engaged Beppo Quattrini's vettura and horses; and he himself is to drive you, and you will carry with you so many hundred scudi, for payment of wages now in arrears."

"It is true," replied Mr. M., "that I am going to the mines on the day you name, and also that I have engaged Beppo Quattrini and his carriage, and that I may possibly have some money with me, though what interest this may have for you, I cannot imagine."

"Listen, Signor! On reaching a stone bridge some distance from Parma, three men will attack the carriage, and Beppo will offer no resistance. You will be robbed, and probably killed, for dead men tell no tales. And now, does the Signor think my story worthy of credit?"

"Not in the least;" the Signor was not to be moved by such a tale; with an Englishman's cool disbelief in danger, and dislike of being forced into a ludicrous position, and swindled by an adventurer working on his fears through a clever story, he ridiculed the whole affair, and dismissed his informant.

That night he dined with the Duke, and mentioned casually his visitor of the morning. The Prefect of Police was at the table; and when dinner was over, he drew him aside, and assured him that such a warning was not to be lightly disregarded.

"You may be satisfied every word the fellow said was true; but you need not trouble yourself about the matter. Continue your preparations as before; keep a silent tongue in your head; and leave everything to me."

The morning arrived, and Beppo drew up his horses at Mr. M.'s, where the Prefect had previously called and given his instructions.

"You will take a gendarme, whom I shall send you, as your valet, and he will ride beside the coachman; at the nearest village two more will be in waiting, who will enter the carriage, and accompany you to the mines."

The start was made. Beppo dared not object to the companionship of the servant, who, as they approached the village indicated, drew a pistol and placed it at his ear.

"Listen, brigand!" said the disguised gendarme, suddenly; "you are sold; you are a dead man! If you wink so much as an eyelid, I will blow your brains out."

As they approached the fatal bridge, three men, armed to the teeth, rushed from their ambush; one of them seized the horses, but was fired at by the gendarme on the box, and mortally wounded, though at the moment he succeeded in making good his escape. The two other miscreants made a dash at the doors of the carriage, and were instantly shot dead by the gendarmes inside. The coachman got off in the end more easily than he deserved; and it is to be hoped, for the good credit of Englishmen, that Mr. M. discovered and rewarded the man who had given the warning, and undoubtedly saved him from certain death.

THE SEASIDE.—There lives an inspiration in ocean life for every person, bond or free. The dull, torpid sentiments of untamed races have been quickened by the power displayed in its strange moods. There are none so scared of heart or bereft of hope who have not seen or felt its magic influence. The horizon of life and the world broadens; the avenues of the soul widen as the flower petals open to the sun. Youth feels all the rapture of freedom in its breath. Old age renews its early aspirations, and forgets the sure marks of three score years and ten.

THERE COMES A TIME.

There comes a time when we grow old,
And like a sunset down the sea,
Slope gradual, and the night wind cold
Comes whispering, sad and chilling:
And locks are gray
As winter's day,
And eyes of saddest blue behold
The leaves all weary drift away,
And lips of faded coral say,
There comes a time when we grow old.

There comes a time when joyous hearts,
Which leaped as leaped the laughing main,
Are dead to all save memory,
As prisoner in his dungeon chain.
And dawn of day
Hath passed away.
The moon hath into darkness rolled:
And by the embers warm and gray,
I hear a voice in whisper say,
There comes a time when we grow old.

There comes a time when manhood's prime
Is shrouded in the mist of years,
And beauty, fading like a dream,
Hath passed away in silent tears;
And then how dark!
But oh! the spark
That kindled youth to hues of gold,
Still burns with clear and steady ray,
And fond affections lingering, say,
There comes a time when we grow old.

There comes a time when laughing Spring
And golden Summer cease to be,
And we put on the Autumn robe,
To tread the last declivity;
But now the slope,
With rosy hope,
Beyond the sunset we behold—
Another dawn, with fairer light,
While watchers whisper through the night,
There comes a time when we grow old.

A HAUNTED CHAMBER.

There was never a better nor a braver woman than Elizabeth Evershed—cousin Bess, as we used to call her. She was the only unmarried one out of a large family, and was at everybody's beck and call, as is the usual fate of single women under such circumstances. Was there sickness or other affliction in a household—no one gave such active help or ready sympathy as cousin Bess. Was there a wedding or other festivity in prospect—cousin Bess was equally invaluable; her pleasant face and cheery voice promoted enjoyment, and could not be dispensed with.

It was on such an occasion that cousin Bess arrived at my father's house one stormy week in December. We were expecting home a sailor brother who had been long absent on a perilous cruise. Our anxieties were set at rest, for we had received a telegram to say that the ship had arrived at New York, and that George would be with us that evening, but late. We were gathered round the fire, and there was one of our circle whose anxieties had been even more cruel than ours—pretty Alice Ferrars. She was scarcely suited for a sailor's bride, she was so timid and imaginative. Even though the perils of the sea were over at present, I noticed her change of color as the wind howled and shrieked round the house and then died moaning away in the distance.

"Could not one imagine that blast of wind to be the voice of a dying man?" said my sister Clara.

"Or the ghost of some murdered victim clamoring for revenge?" put in Fred, who was suspected of writing a tragedy—to sonnets he pleaded guilty.

"It reminds me of the time I spent in a haunted house, some years ago, when in England," said cousin Bess, quietly.

"A haunted house—and you never told us of it!" I exclaimed, in accents of reproach.

"I will tell you now, if you like," she returned; "there is plenty of time."

"Do—do!" we all cried in chorus.

"But were you really frightened? Did you really see anything, Miss Evershed?" asked Alice.

"I was really frightened. You may look incredulous, Fred, but I really was. What I saw I am going to tell you."

We gathered still more closely round, prepared to listen.

"You must have heard me speak of the Amorys in the old country," cousin Bess began. "Mrs. Amory was a schoolfellow of mine. If you remember about them at all, you must have heard that Mrs. Amory inherited an estate from a distant relative. She invited me to spend Christmas with them the first time they were settled at Eastwood, and I went.

"Eastwood Hall is an ancient, roomy house, standing in the midst of a park of some extent. The interior is somewhat gloomy; the place has been added to and partially rebuilt at different periods, and there are long corridors lined with dark oak paneling, and stairs leading up and stairs leading down in all sorts of unexpected directions. At the date of my visit the Amorys had not made any alteration in the furniture, which was ancient, like the house itself. There were several guests besides myself, and the time passed pleasantly enough. We knew the Hall had the reputation of being haunted, but we only made a joke of it; though I observed that when the subject was brought forward Mrs. Amory looked grave and tried to change the conversation.

"One morning Mrs. Amory and I were alone together in the breakfast-room, when a note was put into her hand. She seemed annoyed when she had looked at its contents.

"'What shall I do?' she exclaimed. 'Here is my sister Barbara writing to say that she will spend a few days here on her way northward, and I have not a place in which to put her! There is no possibility of writing to her, as she is already on her way, it seems. How to manage I do not know.'

"'Is not that room at the end of the south corridor vacant?' I asked. I had noticed the room particularly when Mrs. Amory showed me over the house; the south corridor led to the most ancient part of the mansion, and the decorations of that room appeared as if they had not been altered for two centuries at least. I knew that none of the guests had been put there.

"Mrs. Amory flushed slightly and seemed embarrassed.

"'You will think me foolish, I am afraid, my dear Bess,' she said, 'but I have an objection to use that room. You have heard of the ghostly reputation of the house; and, if there is anything unpleasant, it is in that room that it manifests itself. My sister has not very strong nerves—I dare not venture upon any experiment.'

"'Let me sleep there,' I said; 'you know I have no belief in ghosts, and Mrs. Rendall can have my room.'

"'I should be greatly obliged to you; but no—I really do not think, courageous as you are, that you ought to put yourself to such a test. I assure you there is something connected with that room which cannot be accounted for unless one accepts the legend. I was as sceptical as you are at first, but twice I have allowed that room to be occupied, and I am unwilling to repeat the trial.'

"I had heard the ghostly legend as a matter of course. It was said that nearly two hundred years ago the daughter and heiress of the then possessor of Eastwood Hall had formed an attachment to one greatly inferior to herself in fortune though not in station. Her father, who was a purse-proud mercenary man, vowed that he would never give his consent to the marriage unless the fair Alicia's lover could count down an equal sum of money to her dowry. The young man went to Spanish America, and, as was less uncommon then than now, speedily amassed a large fortune. He wrote to acquaint Alicia with his success, and to tell her the name of the vessel by which he should return to claim her hand. It was in the winter time, and the weather was stormy; the ship was wrecked off the coast of Cornwall, and all hands perished. Alicia went to the spot and recognized the body of her lover when it was washed ashore. She brought him to Eastwood in his coffin, but her reason had given way under the shock; she lingered a few months, and then died. They were buried in one grave. Ever since, in the winter time, it was said the unfortunate Alicia might be heard pacing the south corridor and the room where her lover's corpse was laid, sighing and weeping. Such was the story.

"'You do not alarm me,' I said to Mrs. Amory; 'you only excite my curiosity. Tell me what is really supposed to be seen and heard.'

"'Well, the first time it was a lady who slept there—one I should have thought as little given to nervous fancies as yourself. In the morning she declined sleeping in that room again, and I was obliged to have another apartment prepared for her.'

"'But what did she see?'

"'She saw nothing; but just a few minutes after midnight the door that she had locked before going to bed opened, apparently of its own accord, and she said she felt something was in the room with her, though what it was she could not tell. She distinguished every now and then a soft footfall, and heard quite distinctly at intervals a deep-drawn sigh. The sounds ceased towards morning, but she got no sleep, and looked like a ghost herself when she came down to breakfast.'

"'Bats,' said I, decisively.

"'Well, it might be; but I don't think bats walk about and sigh like human creatures. The next time it was a young man who occupied the room. He laughed at the idea of being nervous about a haunted chamber, and, as he had been out shooting all day with Mr. Amory, said he should sleep like a top, ghost or no ghost. The next morning, however, he came down looking as white as a sheet. He had heard something, it seems. The door opened just as had been described to me before, and there were sounds of footsteps and sighs, but nothing visible. Mr. Denton said he was startled at first, but, as nothing seemed to come of it, he tried to persuade himself that it was the wind, or some of those strange sounds one hears in old houses, aided by fancy; and, as he was very tired, he dropped asleep. He had slept only an hour or two, he thought—for the fire was not quite out—when he was awakened by the sensation of something heavy upon his feet, and at the same moment he heard another of those long deep-drawn sighs that had startled him before, apparently from the foot of the bed. He confessed that he felt alarmed. I suppose he had covered himself up closely with the bed-clothes, for he peeped out, he said, and in the faint light perceived something black extended at the foot of the bed—something bearing the shape of a coffin, covered by a black pall. It gave him such a turn that he lost consciousness for a while. When he came to himself, the object, whatever it was, had disappeared. He got up, lighted a candle, and looked round, but found no trace of any one having been in the room; the only thing he noticed was that the door was open, though he distinctly remembered turning the key when he went into the room at night.'

"'Nightmare,' said I. 'All this does not alarm me in the least; and so, if you please, we will settle it that I am to sleep in the south room to-night.'"

"Oh, Miss Evershed, how could you?" Alice exclaimed. "I should have been terrified out of my senses!"

"I should have kept up a good fire, and had a bottle of wine and a revolver," said Charlie, who at fourteen gave himself the airs of a man.

"I did not think of taking up wine or pistols, Charlie; but I made no doubt of a good night's rest; and, after seeing that the fire was safe, and putting out my candle, I went to bed.

"I ought to tell you that the room was square in shape, and not very large, so that the huge old-fashioned four-post bedstead, with its heavy damask curtains, seemed to occupy an undue proportion of the space. The fireplace was at the foot of the bed, and the door opened at the side into the long corridor. When in bed, I could not see the door down to the ground; neither could I see the hearthrug. I heard the family stirring about for some time after I went upstairs; but at last all was still. I could not sleep. I could not help thinking of the story attached to the room, and of the alleged nightly visitant, and, in spite of incredulity, must confess that I felt restless; my senses seemed preternaturally acute, and alive to every sound. It was a windy night, and sometimes the snow was driven against the window with a pattering noise that made me start. A log of wood had been placed on my fire, but it was nearly burnt out; it was still flickering, however, and by the light I tried to amuse myself with the figures on the wall. It was one of those quaint old Chinese-patterned papers, and just where the light fell there was a blue lady with a flower in her hand standing upon an impossible bridge. The shadow of the andiron appeared like a strange figure dancing up and down beside her.

"I tried to close my eyes, but something seemed to force them open again; and while I was in this uncomfortable state the turret clock struck twelve. Soon after I heard a soft footfall stealing along the corridor. Now for it, I thought; and my heart began to beat faster than was agreeable. I was careful in turning the key when I entered the room, but in a few minutes after I had heard the footsteps the door slowly opened. I looked for some one to enter, but saw nothing. Though the bed in which I lay concealed the lower part of the door, if a child of four years old had come in, I must have seen the upper part of the figure. The room was almost dark, for the fire was nearly out, but not so dark as to prevent my distinguishing objects in the room. Presently I heard a heavy sigh, and then the same sound of soft footfalls I had heard in the corridor. It seemed as if some one was walking barefooted up and down the room, sighing at intervals, but there was nothing to be seen. I did not like my position. Anything tangible would have been preferable to that ghostly presence—to the feeling that there was something one could neither grapple with nor explain.

"This lasted for some time—perhaps half an hour; but, when one's nerves are in that state of tension, time appears long. The room became darker and darker; at length there was a sound as if something had been thrown on the ground—something heavy and at the same time soft. I raised myself on my elbow, but it was then so dark I could distinguish nothing. I lay down again; there was a momentary flare from the wood ashes, and I saw a shadow on the wall—a shadow where none had been before; it fell just where the Chinese lady stood with the flower in her hand."

"Oh, Cousin Bess, I should have screamed!" Clara declared. "A shadow of what?"

"That was just what I could not tell, for the flash of light was momentary, and utter darkness succeeded. It seemed to me to take no defined shape; it might have been some one crouching on the hearthrug, it might have been a bundle of clothes, for anything I could see. Something was there, however, which had not been there before—that much was clear."

"What did you do?" I asked.

"What could I do? There were lucifers on the dressing-table, but—would you believe it?—I actually had not the courage to get out of bed to seek them. If I had called out or rung the bell, I must have aroused the house—and that was not to be thought of. I was occupying that room by my own choice, and I had no right to create an alarm because I was not quite so brave as I had boasted myself.

"I lay quite still and listened. There was no further sound. Apparently whatever or whoever it was that had been pacing the room with those heavy sighs had vanished on throwing down the burden, the shadow of which I had seen. The clock struck two. Still all was profoundly quiet. 'The visitation is over for to-night, evidently,' I said to myself; 'it is not likely I shall sleep very soundly, and in the morning I shall see what his ghostship left behind to cast such a shadow.' Thinking thus, I fell into a doze; and during the remainder of the night I dozed and waked at intervals in an uncomfortable sort of way. Heartily glad was I when I perceived a pale gleam of morning light through the curtains. As soon as objects could be distinguished, I raised myself in bed, looked out, and saw nothing. There was nothing on the hearthrug—nothing in the room that had not been there the night before. The door was open; that was the only sign of my nocturnal visitor."

"You did not attempt to sleep in that room again, I suppose?" said Clara.

"Indeed I did," replied cousin Bess. "I had promised to give up my room for two nights, and, whatever the cause of disturbance might have been, it had done me no harm. Besides, I was really curious to know if anything further would happen, or if the same thing would be repeated."

"Why did you not keep a light burning?" I asked.

"I have a fear of keeping a candle burning, and I did not like to ask for a night-light; it would have been a confession of weakness, and would have provoked questions that I did not wish to answer till my probation was over. There was a dinner-party next evening, and it was later than usual before we retired for the night. I asked for an extra log, and, after locking the door, I placed it on the fire; 'It will give sufficient light for some hours,' I thought. I also drew back the curtains, to let in whatever light there might be from the sky. The moon was past the full, and would rise late; so, though it was a cloudy night, it would not be quite dark. Thus I was prepared to investigate anything visible or tangible.

"Nearly an hour must have elapsed, when I heard the soft footfall coming along the corridor. 'Now will the door open as before?' I asked myself, and I leaned on my elbow to have a better view. The steps came nearer, then died away again, and all was still. I waited some time, but there was no repetition of the sound. At last I lay down, concluding that the ghost was not regular in his habits, and would leave me undisturbed for that night.

"The log burned cheerily. The lady with the flower in her hand seemed curtseying on the bridge as the flame flickered. The clouds were driving wildly across the sky. I was tired, having been out in the cold some hours that day. I dropped asleep, and dreamed that the Chinese lady was wringing her hands and sighing, and that the andirons were chasing each other about the room. I slept soundly, however, for some time, and then woke with a start, feeling as if my feet were tied down in the bed. As full consciousness returned I was aware of a heavy weight upon my feet, and, glancing up, perceived by the faint light of the moonlit sky something black extended at the foot of the bed. I do not know that it would have occurred to me without having had the idea put into my head, but it did certainly bear some resemblance to a coffin—though not a full sized one—covered with black drapery."

"Oh, Miss Evershed, how horrible!" cried Alice, looking quite pale.

"I wish I had been there with my pistol," said Charlie.

"I had somewhat of your feeling, Charlie," cousin Bess resumed. "Here was a thing that could be seen and felt; and, if necessary, I should no longer have scruples in summoning assistance; for it did not seem to me that anything so heavy as I felt that dark object to be could be spirited away while my eyes were fixed upon it.

"I raised myself higher in the bed and, leaning forward, put out my hand. It came in contact, not with the sharp edge of a box, but with something warm and soft; at the same time I perceived what appeared like drapery at the end take a horizontal movement. An idea instantly flashed across my mind.

"'Hector!' I said. 'Hector, good dog!'

"The body of the seeming coffin raised itself and wriggled towards me with a joyful whine of recognition, and my face and hands were slobbered over with a wet tongue.

"The secret was out—the ghost discovered. We had a good laugh about it at the breakfast-table. Mr. Amory's great black Newfoundland dog was supposed to sleep in the hall upon the mat, but he had discovered the comfort of a bedchamber, and, that room being mostly unused, he had appropriated it. When I got up I examined the door; the woodwork was worm-eaten, and the frame that the lock slipped into was so loose that a very slight push caused it to turn and the lock to give way. So ended my adventures in a haunted chamber."

"What a sell!" exclaimed Charlie. "I thought you were going to tell us a real ghost story."

"It is as real as any ghost story I know of, Charlie," returned cousin Bess, with a merry twinkle in her eye.

"Oh, well; but I expected——" But what Charlie expected will never be known, for Alice held up her finger, and between the gusts of wind we distinctly heard the sound of wheels. There was a simultaneous rush to the hall, and in a few minutes we were welcoming our long-absent brother George, and had something else to think of for the remainder of the evening than ghosts and ghost stories.

AN IRISH TALE.

It was a little after midnight that a knock came to the door of our cabin. I heard it first, for I used to sleep in a little snug basket near the fire; but I didn't speak for I was frightened. It was still repeated louder, and then came a cry, "Con Cregan! Con, I say, open the door! I want you."

I knew the voice well; it was Peter McCabe's; but I pretended to be fast asleep, and snored loudly. At last my father unbolted the door, and I heard him say:

"Oh, Mr. Peter, what's the matter? is the old man worse?"

"Faix that's what he is; for he's dead," replied Peter.

"Glory be his bed! when did it happen?"

"About an hour ago," said Peter, in a voice that even I from my corner could perceive greatly agitated. "He died like an ould heathen, Con, and never made a will!"

"That's bad," says my father, for he was always a polite man, and said whatever was pleasing to the company.

"It is bad," said Peter; "but would be worse if he couldn't help it. Listen to me now, Corney; I want ye to help me in this business; and here are five guineas in gold if ye do what I bid ye. Ye know that ye were always reckoned the very image of my father, and before he took ill ye were mistaken for each other every day of the week."

"Anan!" said my father, for he was getting frightened at the notion, without well knowing why.

"Well, what I want is for ye to come into the house and get into the bed."

"Not beside the corpse?" said my father trembling.

"By no means, but by yourself; and you're to pretend to be my father, and that ye want to make yer will before ye die; and then I'll send for the neighbors, and Billy Scanlan, the schoolmaster, and ye'll tell him to write, leaving all the farm and everything to me, ye understand. And as the neighbors will see ye and hear yer voice, it will never be believed but that it was himself that did it."

"The room must be very dark," says my father.

"To be sure it will; but have no fear! Nobody will dare come nigh the bed; and ye'll only have to make a cross with yer pen under the name."

"And the priest?" said my father.

"My father quarreled with him last week about the Easter dues, and Father Tom said he'd not give him the rites; and that's lucky, now! Come along, now—quick—for we've no time to lose; it must be all finished before the day breaks."

"All right," was the reply.

My father did not lose much time at his toilet, for he just wrapped his big coat around him and slipping on the brogues, left the house. I sat up in the basket, and listened till they were gone some minutes; and in a costume as light as my parent's set out after them to watch the course of the adventure. I thought to take a short cut, and be before them; but by bad luck I fell into a bog-hole, and only escaped drowning by a chance. As it was, when I reached the house the performances had already begun.

I think I see the whole scene this instant before my eyes, as I sat on a little window, with one pane, and that a broken one, and surveyed the proceedings. It was a large room, at one end of which was a bed, and beside it was a table with physic bottles, and spoons, and tea cups; a little further off was another table, at which sat Billy Scanlan, with all manner of writing materials before him.

The country people sat two and sometimes three deep around the walls, all intently eager anxious for the coming event; Peter himself went from place to place, trying to smother his grief, and occasionally helping the company to whisky, which was supplied with more than accustomed liberality.

All my consciousness of the deceit and trickery could not deprive the scene of a certain solemnity. The misty distance in the half-lighted room, the highly-wrought expression of the country people's faces, never more intensely excited than at some moment of this kind; the low, deep-drawn breathings, unbroken save by a sigh or a sob; the tribute of affectionate sorrow to some lost friend, whose memory was thus forcibly brought back; these were all so real that, as I looked, a thrilling sense of awe stole over me, and I actually shook with fear.

A low faint cough from the dark corner where the bed stood seemed to cause even deeper stillness, and then in a silence where the buzzing of a fly would have been heard, my father said, "Where's Billy Scanlan? I want to make my will!"

"He's here, father," said Peter, taking Billy by the hand and leading him to the bedside.

"Write what I bid ye, Billy, and be quick; for I haven't a long time 'afore me here. I die a good Catholic though Father O'Rafferty won't give me the rites!"

A general chorus of muttered, "Oh musha, musha!" was now heard through the room; but whether in grief over the sad fate of the dying man, or the unflinching severity of the priest, is hard to say.

"I die in peace with all my neighbors and all mankind."

Another chorus of the company seemed to approve these charitable expressions.

"I bequeath unto my son, Peter—and never was there a better or a decenter boy!—have you that down? I bequeath unto my son Peter the whole of my two farms of Killimundoonery and Knockaheboora, with the fallow meadow behind Lynch's house; the forge and right

of turf on the Dooran bog. I give him—and much good may it do him—Lauty Cassarn's acre, and the Laury field with the limekiln; and that reminds me that my mouth is just as dry. Let me taste what ye have in the jug."

Here the dying man took a very hearty pull, and seemed considerably refreshed by it.

"Where was I, Billy Scanlan?" says he. "Oh, I remember; at the limekiln. I leave him—that's Peter, I mean—the two potato gardens at Noonan's Well, and it is the elegant, fine crops grows there."

"Ain't you getting wake, father, darling?" says Peter, who began to be afraid of my father's loquaciousness; for, to say the truth, the punch got into his head, and he was greatly disposed to talk.

"I am, Peter, my son," says he; "I am getting wake; just touch my lips again with the jug. Ah! Peter, Peter, you watered the drink."

"No, indeed, father, but it's the taste is leavin' you," says Peter, and a low chorus of compassionate pity murmured through the wild cabin.

"Well, I'm nearly done now," says my father; "there's only one little spot of ground remaining, and I put it on you, Peter—as ye wish to live a good man, and die with the same easy heart as I do now—that ye mind my last words to ye here. Are ye listening?—is Billy Scanlan listening?"

"Yes, sir; yes father."

"We're all minding," chorused the audience.

"Well, then, it's my last will and testament, and may – give me over the jug," here he took a long drink, "and may that blessed liquor be poison to me if I'm not as eager about this as every other part of the will; I say, then, I bequeath the little plot at the crossroads to poor Con Cregan, for he has a heavy charge, and is an honest and as hard working a man as I ever knew. Be a friend to him Peter, dear; never let him want while ye have it yourself—think of me on my death-bed whenever he asks you for any trifle. Is it down, Billy Scanlan?—the two acres at the cross to Con Cregan and his heirs for ever. Ah, blessed be the saints! but I feel my heart lighter after that," says he—"a good work makes an easy conscience. And now I'll drink all the company's good health, and many happy returns——"

What he was going to add, there's no saying; but Peter, who was now terribly frightened at the lively tone the sick man was assuming, hurried all the people into another room to let his father die in peace.

When they were all gone, Peter slipped back to my father, who was putting on his brogues in a corner. "Con," says he, "ye did it all well; but sure that was a joke about the two acres at the cross."

"Of course it was, Peter," says he; "sure it was all a joke, for the matter of that; won't I make the neighbors laugh hearty to-morrow when I tell them all about it."

"What!" exclaimed Peter, in amazement. "Tell 'em all about it?"

"Faith, and why shouldn't I?" returned my father, dryly.

"You wouldn't be mean enough to betray me!" says Peter, trembling with fright.

"Sure you wouldn't be mean enough to, against yer father's dying words?" says my father; "the last sentence ever he spoke," and here he gave a low, wicked laugh, that made myself shake with fear.

"Very well, Con," says Peter, holding out his hand; "a bargain's a bargain; yer a deep fellow, that's all."

Father only chuckled a little at this, but said nothing.

And so it ended, and my father slipped quietly over the bog, mighty well satisfied with the legacy he had left himself.

And thus we became the owner of the little spot known to this day as Con's Acre.

THE DRAMA IN THE OLDEN TIME.

About twenty nobles (thirty-five dollars) seem to have been the price of a copyright of a play. The printed play was sold for sixpence, and the usual present of a patron for a dedication was ten dollars. Dramatic poets had free admission to the theatres. Every play had to be licensed by the Master of the Revels, previous to its being performed. It was usual to carry "table-books" to the theatre, to note down the passages which were made matter of censure or applause. This may account for some mutilated copies of Shakspeare's works, which are still extant. The custom of "damning" a play on its first performance is at least as ancient as that great author. No less than three plays of Ben Jonson suffered that fate. Before the performance commenced, and between the acts, the audience amused themselves in various ways, reading, playing at cards, drinking ale and smoking tobacco. Refreshments were supplied by attendants, who cried their commodities with as much noise as our modern street tradesfolk. In 1633 women smoked tobacco in the theatre as well as men. Rich spectators were allowed to sit on the stage. Here the fastidious critic was usually to be met with; the wit, ambitious of distinction; and the gallant, studious to display his person and fine clothes. Seated, or reclining on the rushes of the floor, they regaled themselves with pipes and tobacco provided by their pages. The ease of their situation, or their impertinence, excited the disgust of the poorer class in the pit, who frequently hooted, hissed, and threw dirt on the stage coxcombs; but the gallants displayed their "high breeding" by an utter disregard of this behaviour. The audience, too, often vented their ill nature on the players.

A Triumph Over Humbug.

The constant gain in popularity of the national remedy and preventive, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, and the rapid decline of the fermented and nauseous rubbish feebly bolstered up by a false temperance cry, exemplifies a grand triumph of genuine merit over rampant humbug, at which honest folks rejoice. And well they may; for each accession of popularity to a remedy which cures and prevents intermittent and remittent fevers, dyspepsia, constipation, liver complaint, urinary troubles, uterine weakness and general debility, widens the field of its beneficent operations, and is a direct gain to humanity, while every falling off in public favor of a pernicious compound, powerless for good but powerful for evil, is a blessing quite as unmistakable, but for a reason very different. Let humbug for once hide its diminished head. Would it were always as unsuccessful as in the present instance.

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ONE of the greatest curiosities in Japan to a stranger, is the wonderful variety of coins that are used daily. In some instances it takes 1,000 pieces to make one dollar. These are called "cash," and are seldom received by foreigners, who, as a general rule, refuse to take them in change. Imagine making a trade of five cents and giving a man a fifty-cent piece, then receiving in change 450 of these coppers. This coin is peculiarly made, having a square hole in the centre. They are about the size of our dime pieces, and nearly two-thirds the thickness. Next to this comes the quarter of a cent, then the half cent, eight-tenths of a cent and the one and two cent pieces. In silver coins they have the five, ten, twenty, fifty-cent and one-dollar pieces. In gold the one, two, five, ten and twenty dollars, which are very pretty coinages, indeed. Next to this comes the government series of paper money, in various denominations, ranging from five cents to 100 dollars. This money is made on quite inferior paper to ours, and from general appearances, will not last like the American money.

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Compiled by Dr. L. COLANGE.

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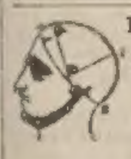

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The Boudoir

[Communications relating exclusively to subjects considered in this department, in order to receive prompt attention, should be addressed to "Fashion Editress" SATURDAY EVENING POST.]

It is curious to note the extreme that an odd fashion will run into before spending itself. At present the tendency seems to be to convert the female figure into as complete and correct an imitation of a perpendicular line. Witness the long narrow skirts, so tightly drawn back across the hips, the long plain corsage coming down low upon the hips—a style not unbecoming a medium-sized and well-rounded figure, but amounting to a caricature when adopted in its extreme form by one who is not only tall, but very spare and slim.

Just a few years ago and the ridiculous fashion of enormous and most ungraceful hoops had equal sway. As each successive season has rolled around since then, we have gradually been compressing the rotundity of the balloon-like skirts, until now the opposite extreme has been reached; and, as a natural sequence, we presume there will shortly be a rebound in an opposite direction again.

We counsel our readers against following too rigidly any ultra freak of fashion. As a faithful chronicler we are bound to record the different changes and whimsies of the capricious goddess, but we do excessively dislike to see such marked eccentricities as the ones we have alluded to, generally copied.

A charming costume, quite new, too, which we have lately seen, was made of dark-blue grenadine, with stripes of mingled silk and wool. The lower skirt was trimmed with a shirring quite twelve inches deep, and headed by two closed pleated ruffles of silk a shade darker than the grenadine. The overskirt was a long and full apron, which was gathered up at each side by means of a drawing string, and gracefully draped over a scarf of silk at the back, which was arranged for some distance down the skirt in puffs. A knife pleating of silk surrounded the overskirt. The basque was a cuirass waist, made over silk, and corded with the latter. Down the middle of the back there was a shirring of silk arranged in a fan shape. The same trimming was upon the front and on the upper half of the sleeves.

A hat of ecru chip was worn with this suit, trimmed with a dark-blue scarf and a wreath of creamy Arabian jessamine, with here and there a half-blown scarlet poppy bud.

A suit for receptions and evening wear was made of violet-colored faille and pale, cream-colored Louisine. The underskirt of faille was made with a long train; and at the bottom of the lower flounce was placed a shirring of the Louisine. The second flounce had a knife pleating of the Louisine; and the third flounce was made entirely of the latter material, piped top and bottom with the faille, and very simply gathered on.

The overdress and sleeveless jacket were of the Louisine, but were trimmed with narrow knife pleatings of silk. A large double bow of silk caught up and held in place the drapery of the overskirt behind. The sleeves were of silk, and were laid in upturned folds from shoulder to waist, each fold held in place on the outer seam by a bow of the Louisine. The waist was half tight fitting, and in the Louis Quatorze shape, trimmed around the bottom and the armholes with a knife pleating of silk. Bows of silk closed the front, and were continued down the middle of the overdress.

There is a novelty in imported goods and suits. The material is batiste, dark blue or gray, and striped with red or ecru. Such suits are trimmed with a linen lace, ecru in color, and with an edge of scarlet or blue wool sewn on.

Morning dresses of ribbed and square black pattern pique are worn at the seaside, more especially since pique can stand very well the damp penetrating air which so cruelly wilts fresh lawns and similar fabrics.

The method of making these dresses is pretty much as they were formerly made, that is, a Gabrielle, with the extra fulness for the back widths concealed under the pleats of the side bodies. A row of mother-of-pearl buttons closes the front, and a full frill of broderie Anglaise is added, commencing from the neck and sometimes extending around the bottom of the dress.

Bretelles of the same embroidery are not unfrequently added.

Costumes of ecru and dark-blue batiste are not unfrequently seen. To us they appear too much like piecing out a dress with the remains of another, for us to recommend them to the taste of our fair readers.

In wraps for the seaside the fancy seems to be for Dolmans of plaided flannel. These are caught in at the waist behind, either with gathers or pleats, and finished at the neck with a loose pointed hood. Fringe and tassels complete the trimming.

Gray linen suits, trimmed with Hamburg embroidery, are considered stylish. Not the gray with light greenish tints such as we are accustomed to see, but a dark slate gray, with a bluish hue upon it.

We must not neglect to notice the many pretty garden and shade hats that one sees in such charming variety nowadays. These are wide rimmed and with a pagoda crown, made of coarse soft braid, trimmed with ruche after ruche of muslin, and in the centre of the crown a handful of buds mingled with grasses, as if carelessly thrown there; or a bright-winged bird looking as though he had just alit.

Then there are shirred muslin ones, lined with a bright color or not, as may suit the wearer, and trimmed outside with bows of black velvet. Leghorn flats, with the rim lined and caught up behind; Watteau hats, trimmed with soft scarfs—one can make a choice.

ODDS AND ENDS.

An odd fancy has cropped out in the shape of a wide sash, tied low upon the hips, and furnished with square pockets. It is worn by girls and their mammas.

Large nets for the hair are worn at the seaside and watering-places.

Breakfast caps are made of fine linen cambric sometimes, with a pleated ruffle of the same, or of fine sheer French muslin.

Corset waists of gold or silver thread, netted together, are considered stylish abroad over black dresses.

Large black satin fans, tipped with peacock feathers, are among the novelties.

Scarfs of tulle are worn in Paris around the head, and tied in a loose knot under the chatelaine braids.

Berege suits are being imported. The light delicate tints are worn over white muslin underskirts; the dark blue over silk of the same shade.

Linen collars and cuffs, embroidered in scarlet in a coral pattern, are much worn in the morning at the seaside.

Small nubias of pale blue, pink or lilac are worn over the head while driving on the beach in the evening, instead of hats.

Scarfs of black nett are worn embroidered in colored silk, in dots, and fringed with silk twist to match.

ANSWERS TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

MRS. I. E. THOMAS.—Sent package per mail on Monday, 19th ult.

MISS E. JONES.—You can still wear your handsome black lace shawl, but fashion decrees that it be looped and draped until quite short, and ornamented with black ribbon bows.

MRS. LETTICE R.—Your boy of twelve will look better in long trousers. The short ones are seldom worn beyond the age of nine or ten years. Your silver-gray poplin will look well trimmed with knife pleatings of silk of a darker shade. Blue scarf for your little girl's hat will be preferable to the light pink one.

NETTIE R.—Your suggestions about the combination of your claret-colored evening silk with trimmings of canary silk are very good, and we think your ideas of taste quite correct. Trim your large Leghorn flat with ruches of either fine sheer Swiss muslin or crepe lisse; line the brim with cardinal red silk; turn it behind, and place a large double bow of muslin there, held in place by a bright scarlet wing. Wear dark red velvet bows or black ones with your ecru colored grenadine.

NIXON.

Watering Place Items.

THE REIGNING BELLE—Sara-toga.

SARATOGA is the most crowded of all the resorts.

COASTWISE steamers waste powder saluting Long Branch.

FASTIDIOUS people at Saratoga have their own drinking-cups.

AT Atlantic City they call a board walk the Rialto—for short, probably.

GENERAL BURNSIDE'S side whiskers are fluttering in the breeze at Long Branch.

A QUIET, cool and charming resort, with wonderously beautiful scenery, is Schooley's Mountain.

THE bathing accommodations at our watering places are universally pronounced insufficient. Chance for enterprise.

A LARGE and handsome tent has been put up on the croquet lawn at Ocean Grove for the use of the Knights of the Mallet.

DAINTY Boston brides at Swampscott are distinguished from the commoner herd by wearing bathing suits of white flannel trimmed with bugles.

THE Virginia White Sulphur Springs are as well patronized as ever, and the season in that neighborhood is represented to be very good indeed.

FASHIONABLE people in France now take their bathing-houses with them from Paris to the seaside. They are made portable and can be packed in a trunk.

THE newest bathing costumes for ladies are made of Turkish toweling, the skirt being embroidered in rather gaudy colors. They are belted in and are quite effective.

NOBODY is anybody at Newport unless he lives in a cottage and keeps a carriage and horses. This is the opinion of Jenkins, who has just returned from that conservative seaside resort.

ONE hundred men are engaged in laying a horse railroad between Cape May and Sea Grove, a new seaside resort, two miles from Cape May, or "the Island," as it is called hereabouts.

THE bead trinkets sold by the imitation red men of the forest at Niagara are made by the mutes of an asylum in Canada. The silk hats worn by these red men are said to have been stolen.

ONE of the most delightful resorts on the Hudson is the Palisades Mountain House, which has an excellent reputation. The view from all parts of the elegantly appointed house is magnificent.

THE light at Atlantic City can be seen from the deck of a vessel nineteen miles out at sea, whilst that of the Cape May Light House can easily be distinguished in clear weather a distance of forty-three miles.

THE Saratoga hops are as promiscuous as ever, and, no doubt, quite as enjoyable. Ladies wear their walking dresses and gentlemen their business suits. The most enjoyable feature of these imitation balls is the music.

THE influx at Long Branch continues to be very large, and perceptibly increases every day. Now that the all rail route is in operation trains arrive every hour, and the hotel omnibuses and hackmen are kept very busy.

TITLED foreigners are few and far between this season. Newport has a few, and will undoubtedly make the most of them. There is one—a duke—at Saratoga, but as he is poor there is no probability of his being annoyed.

THE newest object of interest at Niagara is a steep hill and cliff called the "ragged edge." It is a favorite place for gentlemen to take their wife's mother, as it is very dangerous. "This way to the 'ragged edge!'" shouts the guide.

MANY Philadelphians are now seeking pleasure as far east as Mount Desert, on the coast of Maine, a watering place unequaled for its bold and rugged scenery, and the hotels at that place are crowded with people from all sections of the country.

THERE is a batch of notables up at Lake George, and both hotels are doing well. The "Fort William Henry" has the fashionables and the dressy people, while the "Fort George," a little farther down the lake, is devoted to comfort and enjoyment of the beauties and pleasures of the neighborhood.

PARTIES making the quick trip to Niagara can do so this season under some advantages. The latest novelty in "doing the Falls" is to go in an Erie Railway excursion party, leaving New York on Tuesday and returning on Saturday. Competent managers representing the company take charge of the tourists, arranging all details of the trip, answering questions and chaperoning the visitors. This means business, and the horror of taking the chances is overcome—for all of which the traveling public should be duly thankful.

THE CONTRAST.

COURTSHIP.

Fairest of earth! if thou wilt hear my vow,
Lo! at thy feet I swear to love thee ever:
And by this kiss upon thy radiant brow
Promise affection which no time shall sever;
And love which e'er shall burn as bright as now,
To be extinguished—never, dearest, never!
Will thou that naughty, fluttering heart resign?
Catharine! my own sweet Kate! wilt thou be mine?

Thou shalt have pearls to deck thy raven hair—
Thou shalt have all this world of ours can bring;
As we will live in solitude, nor care
For aught save for each other. We will fling
Away all sorrow—Eden shall be there!
And thou shalt be my queen, and I thy king!
Still coy, and still reluctant? Sweetheart, say,
When shall we monarchs be? and which the day?

MATRIMONY.

Now, Mrs. Pringle, once for all, I say,
I will not such extravagance allow!
Bills upon bills, and larger every day,
Enough to drive a man to drink, I vow!
Bonnets, gloves, frippery and trash—nay, nay.
Tears, Mrs. Pringle, will not gull me now—
I say I won't allow ten pounds a week;
I can't afford it, madam, do not speak!

In wedding you I thought I had a treasure;
I find myself most miserably mistaken!
You rise at ten, then spend the day in pleasure;
In fact, my confidence is slightly shaken.
Ha! what's that uproar? This, ma'am, is my leisure;
Sufficient noise the slumbering dead to waken!
I seek retirement, and I find—a riot;
Confound those children, but I'll make them quiet.

THE CAPTAIN'S LOST ARM.

It was at one of our evening camp fires in India, that he told his story. Far in the distant jungle sounded the cry of the terrible wild beasts that reigned there—it sounded over the plains and came to our ears with the most dismal of monotones. We could easily imagine how gracefully the tiger crouched there, how like flame his eyeballs gleamed.

There were four of us. We were half lying along the ground, each of us industriously puffing at our cheroot. There had been a silence of a quarter of an hour, when Charteris, looking at the captain as he calmly smoked, said: "Now, Roland, isn't it a favorable time to redeem your promise of a year ago?"

Captain Roland looked up questioningly. I believe there was no greater favorite in the regiment than Roland, and there was no danger of spoiling him either. He was about thirty-five years old, he had been in India ten years, and thus far escaped fevers and wounds, though no man exposed his life more bravely—but he never did it foolhardily.

His left arm was gone, but none of us knew how it was lost—it had not been in battle.

In reply to his look, Charteris said: "You know you promised to tell us how you happened to lose your arm."

Roland shuddered perceptibly as he withdrew his cigar from his mouth, and said: "Yes, I did promise, and I hope it'll do me good to tell that story once. I've kept silent about it, but I haven't forgotten it. You see, a man remembers a thorough fight a good while.

"It was when I was in the — regiment, before I was transferred to this. That was almost eleven years ago, and I was a good deal younger, and rushed into all sorts of scrapes—though I do hope under the same circumstances as happened that day I should do the same thing over again. I was a lieutenant in those days, and that morning I was sent out in command of a half a dozen men in pursuit of a deserter, who was reported to be hiding in the vicinity of that place we call Marvel's Gully. You know the place? The sun glared down with unvarying, cloudless heat; a gentle wind blew over the earth like the breath from an oven ten times heated; it struck against me as I rode, and I shuddered as I felt it, for it seemed the breath of some fire monster that would devour this luckless land. I am more used to that breeze now, but it used to make me the most home-sick of anything.

"We rode as fast as we dared in the heat, and by noon had reached the wretched village where we were ordered to search for the deserter. I did not much like the job, and rather hoped we should not find him; but we did, and while we were safely securing the miserable wretch, a party of natives came up in great excitement, and begged us to go down to the gully with them, saying that that morning a young girl, the pet of the village, had gone down on some kind of an errand, and that they were afraid she had fallen a victim to a tiger one of them had seen lurking about after the girl had started.

"The men in my little command were weary and disinclined to go, and some of them had had rather disagreeable experiences in such expeditions. But I thought of the girl, and hoped the tiger had missed her; and in anticipation I felt the triumph of killing him before she had fallen into his power. So I told the natives I would go with them, and I left my men in the village, with strong suspicions that they would all be drunk when I came back.

"With my gun over my arm—I had both arms *then*—I stole softly along over the baked earth with my dusky companions, who did not seem to mind the heat at all, but went on with skins glistening in the sun, with eyes that looked stealthily on every side as they advanced. It was the first time I ever hunted a tiger, and from the moment we started, I felt a strange excitement, more painful than exhilarating.

"In an hour's time we reached the gully—the deep bed of a dry stream—a place where at some seasons rushes a torrent of water. The place was not so dry but in some parts of it grew a wild luxuriance of vegetation, a gorgeous blossoming of deep-colored flowers, and the air was sickening and heavy with the perfume of them. As we came close to the ruins, I thought the half dozen natives with me gave some signs of a disposition to shirk out of too near an approach to the supposed lair of the beast. I did not know much about those fellows then; but I have learnt to think since, that on the whole they are about as brave as the average of us human beings.

"I had reached the thickest part of the tall shrubbery, and saw ahead the gleam of an open space—a part of the empty bed of the stream. With my gun cocked, I carefully pushed aside the leaves, feeling as if some dreadful sight was to meet my eye. And true enough! in the open space, but under the shade of a broad-leaved tree, sat a huge tiger—sat upon his haunches like a cat—panting, but apparently enjoying his rest and his anticipated feast. Lying in front of him, so near that his paws touched her, was the motionless, insensible body of a girl of sixteen or seventeen, her long black hair streaming on the ground, her face upturned and colorless.

"I could not tell whether she was dead or not. In that first horrible, fascinated moment I did not move; I forgot that I had a gun. The tiger looked down at her, touched her a little with his paw, just as I had a hundred times seen a cat do with a mouse. His motion dispelled my immobility. I raised my gun, and took careful aim, and fired.

"The beast looked up wildly, bounded forward over the girl, then fell down and lay still, the blood oozing from his breast. I dashed through the branches and ran towards the girl, hearing the natives push along some way behind. One of them must have been in advance of the rest, for before I had reached the girl's side, I heard a shrill cry of warning and horror from the rear, and in the same instant, I saw the tiger struggle to his feet again; I caught the green and yellow glitter of his eyes, the snowy sheen of his fangs. All that I saw in the instant—the next, he had sprung upon me. I felt, in the second of the greatest physical horror I can imagine, his teeth crushing through my flesh—then I felt him leaping away with me; then mercifully the blackness of unconsciousness came to me.

"When I awakened, the blazing sun had long since passed the meridian; long horizontal rays of yellow light came in narrow bars between the boles of the trees of a grove a few rods away. I was lying on an open plain, in a place I did not know, though I could not believe it to be far from the gully. But I could not feel, much less think, at first. By degrees a sense of pain began to grow upon me. I was bruised all over my body, I ached everywhere. Only my left arm was free from pain, and I looked down in wonder at it, glad that something had escaped.

"I cannot tell you the sensation that came over me as I saw, not my arm, but a mass of flesh, and the linen of my sleeve—a mangled object without shape.

"Just above my elbow, my arm regained its form; it was not apparently injured there. There was no sensation in it—it was for the time being incapable of suffering.

"At the first moment I did not remember the cause; then I looked about me for the tiger, for it must have been he who had brought me here. I found him; he was lying close at my head—utterly motionless; I could see his eyes, and I knew by them that he was dead; it was my shot that had killed him at last, though he lived to taste a partial revenge.

"I began to suffer acutely. At last, when the sun had finally gone down, and a full red moon had swung itself up the horizon, staring wildly at me, a sort of stupor came over me, and I fell into a heavy sleep, which was more stupidity than sleep. Thus I spent the night, alternately waking and falling off into a sort of trance.

"In the earliest light of the morning, before the sun was up, I became conscious that some one was kneeling by my side, had laid a cool hand wet in water upon my head, and was holding drink to my lips. I started wide awake at this, and looked vaguely at the girl—for it was a girl, the one whom I had seen lying at the feet of the tiger in the gully.

"With her, and looking down at me with mute horror in their faces, were the half dozen men of my command. They lifted me upon a stretcher, and put an awning above it; then they traveled slowly along to the village where I had left them.

"The girl had not been materially injured by the tiger, but was in a swoon when I first saw her. She had roused up to life in time to see the tiger gallop off down the gully with me in his mouth, and she had hurried back as well as she could, with the natives who had come out with me, and told my men. They had tracked me there, not expecting to find me alive.

"I never saw a human being so grateful to any one as that girl was to me. Through all my long illness at her village, she tended me with entire devotion, and it is just as true that she saved my life as that I saved hers. I know that I should not have survived that day's work if it had not been for her. As it was, it was almost a year before I could enter again upon active duty.

"Now, gentlemen, I have only to hope you may never suffer what I did in that twenty-four hours."

SUGAR.

The sugar cane is generally, but erroneously, supposed to be a native of America. Its origin is Oriental. The Spaniards, who derived it from the Saracens, introduced it into America and the West Indies. Before America was discovered the cane was cultivated in the southern part of the Spanish peninsula; and at this day the very finest sugar in the European market is the product of a strip of land some seventy miles in length, lying between the mountains of Southern Andalusia and the Mediterranean Sea. Alexander, the World-*Conqueror*, was also the World-*Sweetener*. The naturalists who accompanied him on his Oriental expedition, four centuries before the commencement of the Christian era, obtained some specimens of the article, which, under the name of "Indian salt," were kept as curiosities in the museums of Macedon and Greece.

In England, sugar was rarely used, even by the higher classes, prior to the time of Queen Elizabeth, and was not recognized by law as an article of commerce until the reign of James the First. That king thought it scarcely worth taxing two and a half centuries ago. Now, however, the sugar duties paid annually into the British exchequer amount, in the aggregate, to some millions.

About the beginning of last century a fierce war of words raged in England on the subject of sugar. The medical men were divided in opinion on the question of its wholesomeness. One Dr. Slare advocated its use, on the ground that it sweetened the disposition and produced a charming effect on the temper. For these reasons he most earnestly recommended it to the ladies! The libellous wretch—as if they were not all sugary by nature! However, they took the hint, and, at the risk of their teeth and to the ruin of their digestion, have been making Saccharissas of themselves from that day to this.

A WISE man stands firm in all extremities, and bears the lot of his humanity with a divine temper.

Correspondents' Bureau

☞ All communications should be addressed to WALKER, REED & Co., Proprietors SATURDAY EVENING POST, No. 725 SANSOM Street, Philadelphia.

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DECLINED WITH THANKS.—A Narrow Escape. A Woman's Struggle. My Summer Vacation. At the Garden Gate. Going to the Seaside. Dreams. Saved by Love. Eagle Eye's Death Struggle. A Night's Adventure.

CORRESPONDENTS' NOTES AND QUERIES.

J. S. P.—Your friend who says that "a pair of scissors" means more than one pair is mistaken. The word scissors is a plural noun, which has no singular form. A scissor, if there were such a word, would be one cutting blade, or shear. A pair of scissors is two cutting blades, joined together with a pin or pivot.

KATIE.—Shakspeare, the great English dramatist, was born at Stratford-on-Avon, in April, 1564, and died on April 23, 1616, at the age of 52 years. His mother's name was Mary Arden, of an ancient and wealthy family, but of whom personally nothing whatever is known. Your other question we do not understand.

REFORMER.—The only conditions required by the Constitution of the United States for eligibility to the office of President are, that the person must be a native-born citizen—must have attained to the age of thirty-five years, and resident for fourteen years in the United States. There is no restriction whatever as to the religion.

IGNORANCE.—The illustrious poet you refer to is still living, we are glad to say, and we trust he may be spared to us for many years yet to come. 2. The word and the sentence of which you want to know the meaning we never heard or met with in all our reading, and we cannot help thinking that you have not written them correctly.

YOUNG ARCHITECT.—The four following works are those we would recommend you to get and study attentively: "The American House Carpenter," "Hints to Young Architects," "The Workman's Manual of Engineer Drawing," and the "Mechanical Principles of Engineering and Architecture." If you would like us to get all these books, or any of them, for you, we shall be happy to do so at any time you wish.

MISERABLE ONE.—You seem to be making yourself miserable about a very small matter. Certainly the young man was very much to blame for having broken his promise, and should have made you an ample apology; and would, perhaps, have done so, had you not been so "sarcastic." It is evidently a mere lovers' quarrel, which should be made up at once, if, indeed, it has not been made up long before this reaches you.

COUNTRY READER.—"If a person goes to a store and purchases ten dollars worth of goods, and gives a fifty dollar note in payment, not having change, the storekeeper goes to a neighbor and gets the note changed, and gives the purchaser his change. The following day, the neighbor brings back the note, it being a counterfeit, and gets fifty dollars good money. How much does the storekeeper lose?" Forty dollars and his goods.

J. S. P.—"Can you tell me the meaning of the sentence 'Tempora mutantur, et nos mutamur in illis,' and who was the author of it?" The meaning of this is: "Times change, and we change with them." This line is a quotation, not, as is generally supposed, from a classic author, but from a German poet, Matthias Bornitius, who represents it as a saying of Lotharius I. In the original, "omnia" stands in the place of "tempora"—the reading being, "All things change, and we change with them."

SILVERSMITH.—English gold and silver have different legal marks. The "Hall mark" is of various devices, and shows where manufactured or assayed. Duty mark is the head of the sovereign, showing the duty is paid. Date mark is a letter of the alphabet, which varies every year. The standard mark for gold is, in England, a lion passant; Edinburgh, a thistle; Glasgow, a lion rampant; Ireland, a harp crowned. For silver, a figure of Britannia. If under 22 carats, gold has the figures 18.

PIONEER.—"We want a receipt to keep cider sweet, and knowing you could give us one, I have applied to you." The following you will find an excellent one: Take of ground mustard seed, four ounces; new milk, one quart; mix together and put it into the cider. After letting it stand two or three days, draw it off through a gimlet-hole, then wash the barrel clean, and smoke it well with brimstone; put the cider back and stop it air tight. By following these directions you may keep cider sweet for a year, you must, however, exclude the air. Cut this out and preserve it until the proper time arrives.

J. E. M.—What the trouble is with you is that you are suffering from what is called "the breaking of the voice," which occurs in young men between the ages of fourteen and seventeen. It is caused by an organic change in the larynx, the origin of the voice, which, up to that time, in boys, resembles that of girls; but, when the voice begins to break, the vocal chord becomes lengthened—at least one third—and the muscles which connect the organs of the voice with the base of the tongue become elongated. While the change of voice is taking place, it is unfitted for singing, and should be used only with the greatest care. You can do nothing to hasten the change; so you must be patient and wait.

H. A. L., (Lansing).—Sir Walter Raleigh founded the first settlement in Virginia, calling it after Queen Elizabeth; and, on his return to Europe, brought with him tobacco and potatoes, which he planted on his estates near Cork. He was employed in many other public services, but not being fancied by the new Scotch Court, he was charged with being privy to a conspiracy for placing Arabella Stewart on the throne. In consequence, Sir Walter was imprisoned twelve years in the Tower; during which he wrote his "History of the World." Bribing Villiers, he obtained the command of an expedition to Guinea, but on his return was arrested at the instigation of the Spanish ambassador, for attacking a Spanish settlement, and executed under the former verdict of treason, obtained sixteen years before.

S. M. P.—"Who were the Furies that we read of in ancient history?" The Furies were heathen goddesses; and their names were Alecto, meaning unceasing; Megæra, meaning denier; and Tisiphone, meaning blood-avenger. They are pictured as being of fearful aspect, brandishing a torch in one hand, and a scourge or whip of snakes in the other. These goddesses were much dreaded by the ancients, and temples were erected to them in various cities. In Athens they were called the "revered goddesses," and at Sicyon designated as "kind." This was done to appease the wrath of the Furies, rather than because they deserved such names. The poet Eschylus pictures these three sisters in a very frightful manner, with snakes for hair, a horrid, grinning mouth, and a long, blood-stained tongue hanging out.

STAGE STRUCK.—We thought we had said enough on this subject to show our disinclination to advise any one to adopt the stage as a profession. We always discourage any one who writes to us on such a matter, knowing as we do the almost insuperable difficulties they would have to encounter. As of a poet, so of an actor, he is born, not made. Study and practice alone will not make an actor. The qualities necessary for the profession must be born in him. Cultivation can only improve and mature them—hence the many failures on the stage. When these powers are a natural gift, success will certainly follow; but where they do not, the life of an actor is one of simple drudgery. The great requisites are clearness of perception, distinct and varied modulation of voice, graceful action and a sound memory.

ENQUIRER.—"Can you tell me the origin of the saying, 'If the mountain will not come to Mahomet, Mahomet must go to the mountain?'" We have been able to find only the following legend as to the origin of this saying: It is said when Mahomet first announced his system of religion to the Arabs, they asked for a proof of his miraculous power, such as Christians claimed for Jesus and Moses. Mahomet replied that it would be tempting God and provoking His wrath to grant any such demand. Nevertheless, urged by their importunities, he commanded a neighboring mountain to come to him. As a matter of course, it didn't. Whereupon Mahomet exclaimed, "God is merciful! Had it obeyed my commands, it would have fallen upon us to our utter destruction. I will, therefore, go to the mountain, since it will not come to me, and thank God for His mercy on a stiff-necked generation."

A SOUTHERN READER.—"Please tell me what is the origin of the phrase 'Mason and Dixon's Line,' and you will very much oblige several of your readers." The phrase originated thus: In the year 1761, the Proprietaries of Maryland and Pennsylvania caused a survey to be made of their adjoining boundaries; but, neither being satisfied with the line of demarcation set up by the survey, they, in 1763, invited Charles Mason and Jeremiah Dixon, a firm of surveyors, of London, to come to America and accurately define the boundaries of their respective grants. These gentlemen arrived in the same year, and at once proceeded to run their lines. The result of their surveys confirmed the accuracy of the survey previously made in 1761, and satisfied the Proprietaries. Since then, and from the fact of these gentlemen having made this survey, the line dividing the jurisdictions of Maryland and Pennsylvania has been called "Mason and Dixon's Line."

SHORT-SIGHTED.—Near sighted persons require concave glasses, while convex glasses are necessary for all others with defective vision. These glasses are numbered by opticians, according to their degree of convexity or concavity; so that by knowing the number that fits the eye, you can be accommodated without the delay of trying many glasses. They should be made of the best optical glass which is free from what are called waves, and should be ground with very great care and skill. 2. Nothing accurate is known as to either the time or the inventor of spectacles. One Salvinus Armatus, a Florentine nobleman, who died 1317, has inscribed on his tomb that he was the inventor, with what truth, we cannot say. The invention has also been attributed by some to Roger Bacon, and by others to Alexander De Spina, a Florentine monk. On the other hand, the Chinese, that wonderful race, who seem to have anticipated so many of the discoveries of modern civilization, declare that spectacles have been in common use among them for over a thousand years!

G. L. B. loves a young man who she believes did love her once, but of late he has been very remiss in his attentions, and has been avoiding her society, having fallen among very dissipated companions. What should she do? she inquires. We fear the case is a bad one and would advise our correspondent to gradually accustom herself to the idea that she gave her heart to one who was undeserving of it. Once let that conviction settle itself on her mind, and she will feel thankful that she has escaped a life of misery. There is very little hope of a young man addicted to habits of intemperance ever permanently becoming a good husband. He may be steady for a few months or perhaps years, but the foundation of his character being treacherous, old habits are apt to return and resume their sway with increased influence. As to the saying about young men "sowing their wild oats" after marriage, we don't believe any such nonsense. If a man cannot reform and give up his evil habits before marriage, there is small chance of his ever doing so after his marriage.

NELLIE, (Baltimore), writes us that she is about to act as bridesmaid to a dear friend of hers, and wants to know what she is required to do as bridesmaid—and also, whether we think "there is any truth in the popular saying that one marriage leads to another," as if so there is no saying what this one may bring about for her! We would like to give her letter in full, but it is too long, and besides, we do not think that it was ever intended for publication. Next to being a bride herself, every good looking young lady likes to be a bridesmaid. Marriage is thought, by a large proportion of the fair sex, to be contagious, we know, and much to the credit of their courage, they are not at all afraid of catching it. Certainly, we have known one marriage to lead to another, and sometimes to such a series of "happy events" as to make us believe in the truth of the saying Nellie refers to. As to what their duties are, we know not if there is any book entitled "Rules for Bridesmaids," but it seems to us there must be, and that it is only intended for secret circulation among young ladies, for all the pretty bridesmaids act precisely alike. So far as our experience goes, when you have seen one bridesmaid you have seen the whole fascinating tribe. Their leading duty seems to be to keep up the courage of the bride, who is assumed to be in a great state of trepidation and nervousness, though in nine cases out of ten, the bridegroom is more "flustered" than the bridegroom, and nobody ever thinks of pitying him or trying to keep up his courage.

H. CURTIS.—"Which is the highest mountain in the world, what is its height, and how high are the highest mountains in this country?" Mount Everest, or Gaurisankar, of the Himalaya Range, in the East Indies, is upward of 29,000 feet, or five miles and a half high, and enjoys the distinction of being the highest mountain in the world. Sixteen of its summits rise above 24,000 feet, and one hundred and twenty rise above 20,000 feet. No one has ever ascended these mountains to their summits, and a careful determination of a mountain of such height could not be relied upon within 100 feet. There is no mountain in the United States which rises above the height of 15,000 feet. In California, about 200 miles south of where it is crossed by the Central Pacific Railroad, the Sierra Nevada rises in a magnificent group of peaks, the highest of which is Mount Whitney. It may possibly rise a few feet more than 15,000 feet above the sea. It is surrounded by numerous peaks between 13,000 and 14,500 feet in height, some of which bear the names of prominent scientific men, as Dyell, Tyndall, Dana, etc. In Colorado, in a series of nearly parallel ranges in the vicinity of the Middle and South Parks, there are a great many peaks which rise to the vicinity of 14,000 feet. From Mount Lincoln (about 14,000 feet) alone one may count over sixteen peaks reaching above 14,000 feet, and over fifty reaching above 13,000 feet. Among the former are such well-known peaks as Long's, Gray's, Torry's, Evans', Pike's, etc. Mont Blanc is the highest European peak, but it is higher than any mountain in the United States by some 700 feet.

YOUNG PROBABILITIES.—The belief that if it rains before St. Swithin's Day, there will be more or less rain on each of the forty days afterwards, is a very old English superstition. Swithin was Bishop of Winchester, more than a thousand years ago, and he died, A. D., 862. The following is the legend upon which the superstition we have mentioned is founded. Bishop Swithin, on his death-bed, dictated the locality and manner of his burial. It was to be not within what now is the stately Cathedral of Winchester, but outside in the church-yard, where the drippings from the eaves might fall upon the coffin, and his grave be trodden upon by the feet of pilgrims and passers-by. Was it humility that prompted this strange selection? Some said so, while others believed that it was to upset the old prejudice against burial on the northern part of the church-yard. At all events the bishop's desire was respected, and, for more than a century, his remains rested there under the drippings of the showers. But, in that century, great changes had taken place in the government of the Anglican church. Near the old abbey, too, in which Swithin had been a monk, that stately pile, the present cathedral, was being erected. The new bishop resolved that his predecessor—who, by that time, was generally called St. Swithin—should rest within the hallowed pale. Preparations were made to remove his coffin, and deposit it in a grave within the cathedral, before the altar. But when the sextons began to remove the earth the rain came down with menacing fury, and continued, without intermission, for forty days. At last the warning was accepted—the bones of Bishop Swithin were allowed to rest where he had desired them to be placed. A chapel was built over the grave, at which, it was declared, many miracles were performed—the latest and most permanent being that if it should rain on St. Swithin's Day, forty days of wet weather will inevitably follow.

MISCELLANEOUS.—F. M. G.—We would advise you to study Bancroft's History of the United States. J. F. K.—You cannot legally marry, under the circumstances. A. B. C.—We never recommend the use of depilatories for reasons which we have repeatedly given, so cannot do as you desire. NINA.—Fifteen years of age is rather too young to think of beginning to wear false teeth. We never heard of such a case. ALECK.—We would not advise you to come to this city for work, in the present state of your health and the present depressed condition of business. You would never succeed in getting any employment. BECKY SHARP.—Let things take their course. If the young man is really "smitten," as you think he is, he will show it in good time. B. W.—You must forfeit your engagement under the circumstances. We think you will find you are mistaken in your present feelings. C. E. H.—We would not recommend any artificial means to procure sleep. Such should not be used, as a rule, unless under medical advice. CAN FORZA.—We never publish any matter of a personal nature, and we cannot break through this rule in your present case. J. W., (Camden).—If you wish to change your surname, you can have it done by special act of the Legislature.

☞ *A number of communications have been received, which will be answered next week.*